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RAMBLES

IN

THE ROMANTIC REGIONS

OF

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS,

SAXON SWITZERLAND, &c.

38327

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DANISH, WITH THE AUTHOR'S SANCTION,

BY CHARLES BECKWITH.

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RAMBLES

IN

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SETTING OUT—THE SEA—THE RIVER TRAVE—LUBECK—
—ST. MARY'S CHURCH—THE DANCE OF DEATH—WANDS-
BECK.

"Wenn jemand eine Reise thut,
So kann er was verzählen,"*

says Claudius; but whether any one will listen to the narrative, is another affair. We live in an age when great historical events succeed each other without intermission—when in one twelvemonth more is developed than in any ten years formerly: meteor follows meteor in the political firmament; how then shall one have time to notice the individual, aspiring spirit? The world now acts; it works for the coming poet-race, who shall

* When we travel, we can tell something.

make our time immortal. But if the wings grow, the bird will also flutter; and if there be war or peace, marriage or burial, the bird will sing its song until its poetical heart break. There is always one or other kindred soul to be found, in the midst of this great world's bustle, that is refreshed by its tones; and more than this the little citizen of the sky cannot demand. But if now it be a vain bird—and such are for the most part young poets—so will it attract listeners, be original, and then often twitter and chirp with quite another bill than that our Lord and Master gave him. This really answers sometimes!—aye, the more absurd the poetical screams become, so much the more is it remarked; it gathers a party amongst the public; and now the one shows itself more original than the other, for who will not be heard when he first enters the lists as a singer?

If I must be sincere, it was just in this way that it happened to me when I thought of relating this journey of mine. I determined

that my recital should be in an original manner, and I had also arranged the whole before I travelled; got my fair readers and those of the other sex duly seated, and would now give them the whole journey dramatically: this, thought I, will be a new mode of treating a narrative of travels. Thus, it was to be a travelling drama, with overture, prologue, and interludes. In the interludes the public were to be satirical, but in the prologue I would myself be so. The overture must be performed by a full orchestra; the assembled throng by the Custom House I would employ as Turkish music; the waves should play a roaring *crescendo*, and the birds and the young ladies on "*the long line*,"* give forth a soft *adagio*. On the steam-vessel, I should certainly find passengers that I could in

* "*The long line*,"—or, as it is called in Danish, "*Langelinie*," is a fine promenade along the sea-shore, commencing at the Custom-house, and extending beyond the Citadel, towards the Sound. It affords a fine prospect of the sea, the shipping, the holm, or dockyard, and the Swedish coast. (Translator.)

haste form into instruments, and my own heart should have permission to play a short solo on the harp. Thus, I thought that in this overture, from Copenhagen to Lubeck there would be changes enough. At Travemünde, the prologue should begin, and at Lubeck the piece itself; when adventure on adventure, scene after scene, should link themselves to each other. I had not as yet seen any travels described in this manner: thus mine should be—and I travelled.

Strange places with strange persons succeeded each other; a new world opened itself to me between the mountains; God's glorious nature surrounded me; there was no assumed originality, and yet it looked quite original, it being itself alone. After all, thinks I to myself, is this novel plan of mine a right one? and, before I was fully aware of it, all the self-formed original ideas had evaporated—and I thought. I will give my thoughts as I received them; if they are not original, the reason is, because I myself am a copy: and yet that is

not probable; for if the one leaf on a tree be not a copy of the other, how can the man in his whole natural state be so?

The overture, prologue, and interludes accordingly are lost, but nevertheless we may as well remain seated: I will open my heart, and show there the varied row of pictures the journey conjured forth. We will not spread out a sheet upon the wall—it causes too much trouble; we have the white leaves of the book—here now stand the pictures; only slightly sketched, it is true, but we must remember that they are but dissolving views, or the shadowy pictures of reality. We have plains and mountains, towns and fantastic places—some few parts even are drawn in haste with pen and ink. The poet is not second to the painter!

A foreground with a little lawn,
A tree—be sure 'tis lightly drawn!
A cloud—quick-coursing through the sky,
A picture these at once supply!
But for a poem—ere 'tis gone,
Confess the scene before you one.

But now the steamer is off to Lubeck. The coast is in motion already! will it take the start of us, that we may not run away from it? No, it is we! the black column of smoke rises from the chimney, the wheels cleave the watery mirror, and there stretches a long furrow behind us in the sea!

"O travelling! travelling!"—it is the happiest lot! and therefore we all travel;—everything in the whole universe travels! even the poorest man possesses Thought's winged horse, and if he become weak and old, death takes him with him on the journey—the great journey we must all make. The waves roll from coast to coast, the clouds sail along the wide heavens, and the birds fly over field and meadow. We all travel, even the dead in their silent graves course with the earth around the sun. Yes,—"to travel!"—it is a strange fancy with the whole universe; but we are children; we will also play at "travelling" in the midst of our own and the great natural journey of things.

The sea lay before me like a mirror; not a wave rippled the broad surface. It is delightful to sail between sea and sky, whilst the heart sings its yearning sense of pleasure, and the spirit sees the significant, changing, resonant figures that arise from these tuneful waves.

The heart and the sea are, however, strangely allied! The sea is the world's great heart: therefore it roars so deeply in the stormy night; therefore it fills our breast with sadness or enthusiasm, when the clear starry firmament — that great image of eternity — shows itself on its quiet surface. Heaven and earth are reflected in the sea as in our hearts; but the heart of man never becomes so quiet as ocean, after life's storm has shaken it to the centre. Yet, our lifetime here—how insignificant compared with the duration of that great world's bodies! In a moment we forget our pain, even the deepest; in a moment the great sea also forgets its storms, for to a world's body weeks and days are but moments.

But I am growing quite loquacious! It was even thus that I told many stories to a little child as it sat on my lap—stories that I myself thought pretty, very pretty! The child looked me in the face with its large eyes: I really thought that my tales made it happy, for I began to feel amused by relating them to the little attentive thing. In the most interesting part I interrupted myself, and said, "What do you think of it?" and the child answered, "You chatter so much!" Perhaps you are of the same opinion, dear reader? But then only think, we have in the mean time sailed over the whole Baltic, passed Stævus cliff, with its wandering church,* Moen's white chalk cliffs, where the woods already began to be green, and Laaland itself, where the red beacon burnt in the dusky night. The sun has again risen, and it is

* A story current in Sealand, tells us that the church on Stævus cliff recedes, a cock-stride every year, from the sea; and that although the waves of the Baltic continually wash away some part of the coast here, yet the church remains the same distance inland. (Translator.)

beautiful to see, but most of the passengers are asleep, certainly thinking like Arv: "The morning is very fine, only it would be as well if it did not come so early in the day."

At length they came forth from the nether world, the one after the other. The deck was the free saloon for conversation, where one might come and go as one listed; our thoughts did the same, and the heart said one thing here, and another thing there;—but I heard all.

The heart dreams of its love on the sea's glassy surface! There is nothing in the whole of nature that shows a bodily image of this life's holy mysteries, more than the great, the glorious sea, which, like the sky, encompasses the whole earth, and shows its infinity on its tranquil surface. Love is also a depth like the sea, on whose foundation life and death build, whilst Hope lets her richly-laden barks sail from coast to coast.

I looked on the wide sea, and felt myself happy. There stood a Berliner by the side of

me, and made jests: he also felt happy. The steamer flew on, we approached land, and then —then the other passengers were also happy!

We had nearly missed the entrance to Trave, for a thick fog extended itself over the whole coast; but fortune favoured us; we hit the right point, came in, and now the whole of the fog-covered land lay behind us.

It was as if a curtain rolled up. In the foreground stood the beautiful bathing-house and the high light-house,—round about were green fields and woods, and the warm summer air streamed towards us.

To the left lay the little peninsula, Priwall, where the cattle ventured half out in the water, and presented to us a living picture, such as Paul Potter delighted in, with its large airy background, and the charming groups of animals. To the right lay Travemünde, with its red roofs; round about one could see the heads of men and girls peeping out of the windows: they looked pretty in the distance. Oh, yes!—

"distance:" it is, however, life's magical fairy-land—that spiritual *fata morgana* which continually eludes us as we come nearer to it. In the distance lie childhood's dreams, and life's hopes and expectations; in the distance, the wrinkles are smoothed on the furrowed brow, and the grey-haired grandmother stands like a hale blooming girl. Perhaps it was the case here with the beauties of Travemünde.

Trave now became smaller,—the steamer seemed as if it would take in its whole breadth. We soon saw Lubeck, with its seven towers, peeping forth between wood and meadow; but it played strangely at "bo-peep;" sometimes it was here, sometimes there. It lay under the green table which nature has here spread out with woods and luxuriant pastures. The many windings of the river make it appear as if one did not rightly know whether one sails to or from the town. Thus it is that we sail on life's great stream, where often we are so childish as to weep, nay, even to doubt

the steersman's guidance, because the aim of our wishes, like Lubeck, plays at "bo-peep" with us; yet it is the right way we go, but we know not the course of the stream, as we only once in life sail up it.

What a changing picture! what a living idyl is the whole of this country! Here the river forms a little bay; here is a fishing village, where the nets hang in the sun, stretched out between the trees yonder; on the hill rises a village with its church, and in the river itself is a steamer foaming between the green rushes.

We now entered through an old arched gateway, with thick walls on either side, the free Hansetown,

LUBECK.

Here, what with the old houses, with their pointed gables, narrow side streets, and our memory which casts an historical drapery over the whole, we fancy ourselves carried a

century back: these angular buildings, these stone heroes on the senate-house, and the stained-glass windows of the old church we came past, looked thus when George Wollenweber* spake a powerful word in the senate. The churches here being open also lead us to think of Catholicism; and many an image here, although it be not a work of art, impresses us by its poetical conception or its antiquity.

In St. Mary's church I saw the famed astronomical clock-work, and the still more famous cycle of pantings, called "The Dance of Death." Every rank, every age, from the Pope to the child in the cradle, is here invited to take a part in Death's cotillon, and all in the costume of the time in which they were painted, which is said to have

* George Wollenweber took an active part in the so-called Lubeck feud, during the exile of Christian the Second of Denmark, and whilst Christian the Third was king, when the Lubeckers obtained great commercial privileges. (Translator.)

been in the year 1463. Under each figure stands a verse in Low-German—a dialogue between the dancers: these verses, however, are not the original old rhymes, but a later poetical attempt made about 1701. It appeared to me as if the painter had placed an ironical smile in the dancing skeletons' faces, that seemed as if it would say to me and the whole company of spectators who were here, and made their remarks on it, "You imagine, now, that you are standing still, or at most walking about in St. Mary's church, and looking at the old pictures. Death has not yet got you with him in the dance, and yet you already dance with me; aye, altogether! The great dance begins from the cradle. Life is like the lamp, which begins to burn out as soon as it is lighted. As old as each of you are, so many years have I already danced with you: every one has his different turn, and the one holds out in the dance longer than the other; but towards the morning hour the lights burn out, and then—tired, fatigued—

you all sink down in my arms, and—that is called death!"

Round about in the walls stood epitaphs, and in the aisles lay tombstones, with illegible inscriptions and half-obliterated knights and dames. I saw a large stone, with a stalwart knight carved on it: he held his long battle-sword in his hand, and yet permitted the new generation to tread on his nose, so that his features and the long beard were almost effaced. He and all these quiet neighbours, whose names have now disappeared like the inscriptions, once rioted merrily in the old city, promenaded many a time on the green ramparts, heard the birds sing, and thought of immortality. The old senate-house still stands, with its small towers, and the great Hanse-hall: the market-place, where the new throng of people busy themselves, lies between it and the church.

From St. Mary's church I went out into God's great church, which is of far greater magnitude: that is an arch! it preaches when

all else is still. The houses on both sides of the street appeared to me to be rows of pews, like bought or rented family-pews, where even the domestics had their places. A thunder-cloud, which had drawn up over us, began its sermon in the mean time; it was short, yet there was much in that speech.

I left the old city of Lubeck in the evening; the sun went down so beautifully, and the green woods sent forth such fragrance, that it gave me a delight not to be expressed. How much poesy is there not in such a still evening! The high-road—yes, that was also poetical in its way: it appeared to me to be the way to Parnassus—rugged and uneven.

We all arrived, however, early in the morning, with whole limbs, at Wandsbeck. Here Claudius lived and wrote. I thought of Andreas and Anselmus: the sun shone in my face, so that it brought the water into my eyes. I had nearly driven past the building where the lottery is drawn, without noticing it, but there

are thoughts enough here, nevertheless, which, like unhappy spirits, hover about this place, and howl over the unloosened mammon. Claudius and the lottery!—they are two remarkable things in this little town, though, God knows, they by no means resemble each other. But I will not speak disrespectfully of the lottery: life itself is a grand lottery, which has again many subordinate divisions, and some of them are quite poetical. * * *

We now saw the towers of Hamburg: they rose aloft in the air, as if to see whether we were not coming soon; and the sun shone on them and on us with as much splendour as though its purpose had been to give lustre to an imperial pageant.

CHAPTER II.

HAMBURG—A SIMPLE STORY—A VISIT OUT OF TOWN—THE DREAM—AN IDYL—THE TWO CHARACTERS.

HAMBURG, like Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and many other large cities, has, from a fishing village, risen to be a great city. Here it was, on the shores of the Elbe, amongst the wretched fishermen's huts, that Charlemagne built the castles of Hochbuchi and Hammenburg, which, during the reign of Otto the Third, was already known as a considerable hamlet. Thus it grew from childhood to youth, and stepped forth powerfully, as a man, amongst the mighty Hanse-towns.

I felt a sincere and deep respect for the old city, which the narrow streets and throng-

ing masses of people helped to sustain. I really believe our coachman drove us up one street and down the other in order to show us the imposing greatness of the town, for it lasted almost an eternity before we came to the "Hôtel de Bavière," in "Neue Jungfernstieg," where we descended. Here within the city itself it looks well, as the Alster, which is broad and large, separates, as it were, the old town from the new. The high towers are reflected in the water, where the swans glide along, and the boats rock with their loads of well-dressed persons. The "Jungfernstieg" is crowded with promenaders; and along here, where the one hotel lies by the side of the other, the doorways are thronged with waiters, upper-waiters, and upper-waiters' upper-waiters.

We will, however, not tarry here, but reserve our visit until the evening, when all is lighted up, although it can well bear being seen by daylight. We will venture into the crowd, amongst hackney coaches, shouting retailers

of all kinds, flower girls from Vierlanden, and busy monied men from 'Change. It looks as if it were but one single shop—so thickly do they press on each other. The streets cross one another, and down towards the Elbe we find some to which the entrance is through a lobby, and where scarcely any one can live that exceeds a certain circumference, unless he live in them continually. I stuck my head into some of them, but durst not go further, for they reminded me of a dream I once had: how the houses in Ostergade (East-street), Copenhagen, where I was walking, also began to walk, but with their fronts towards each other, so that the streets had the appearance of these Hamburg streets; and as they made another step, I sat squeezed in between the walls, and could neither get forward nor backward—which was rather unpleasant.

Yet a swarm of children played about in them, quite pleased and satisfied in that half obscure Hamburger-world.

A poor man was to be buried: four men bore the coffin, and the wife followed; they had some difficulty in passing through the narrow lane; the way was straight; not a sunbeam found its way down here,—it was only when they had emerged into the broader streets that the sunlight fell on the humble coffin. I heard a story about this funeral, which is as poetically touching as it is true.

Within this narrow street, high up in an equally narrow chamber, lay this poor corpse: the wife sat and wept over it; she knew of no expedient to get it buried—she had no means. The window stood open, when a canary-bird flew into the room and settled by the head of the corpse, where it began to sing:—it made a strange impression on the woman; she could weep no longer, for she imagined it must have come down to her from the Lord. The bird was tame; it allowed itself to be caught directly; and as she related the circumstance to a neighbour, and showed her the bird, the woman

remembered that she had shortly before read an advertisement in the newspaper about a canary-bird that had flown away from its home.

It was the same bird; and the woman, on restoring it to its owners, found there humane hearts, who rendered her such assistance as enabled her to bury the dead.

The city is cut through with canals: I saw some here in this quarter that appeared to me like veritable sewers. High houses on both sides, but no street, only the narrow canal as far as one could see for the projecting balconies. On these there hung and lay all sorts of things, whilst far below the dirty water ran, or rather crept. One of these balconies or sheds in this chaos was painted green, and there sat a stout dame before the tea-table, enjoying the beautiful scene.

If in the summer we would avoid the throng of people we meet with almost everywhere here—if we wish to separate ourselves from the world—then we must go to the theatre:

here we shall not be encumbered; the pale hermits sit wide apart from each other in the large boxes.

The house is large and elegant—four tiers of boxes, and pit: the passage behind the benches is so broad that one might very well dance a gallopade. The whole of the interior is painted white, gilded, and lighted by a brilliant chandelier.

They performed "Der Freischutz:" the decorations were excellent, particularly "the wolf's glen." It was a deep rocky gulf, where the moon shone down, and the red will-o'-the-wisps hopped about in their magic circle-dance. The flames shot up from the earth, and the wild huntsman—an airy transparency—a group of clouds that formed themselves into these wild forms, darted over the scene. At the end of the act the living Zamiel did not ascend from the bottomless pit, but a frightful gigantic figure, that filled the whole scene, seized Max and Caspar with his enormous hand as they lay

lifeless on the ground, whilst the whole scene was lighted up by a strong red fire, which gave it a grand effect. In other respects Zamiel's costume was not good—he looked like a red hussar. A demoiselle Gned performed the part of Agathe. She sang prettily and correctly, but made a fool of herself every time they applauded her: she then quite forgot her part, and made a deep curtsey, which, of course, at once destroyed the illusion. After this grand aria with her handkerchief, which was waved with much studied grace, and as she was about to throw herself into the arms of Max, the audience applauded, upon which she made a movement forward, curtsied, and then threw herself into the arms of the poor lover, who had a whole public between him and his beloved one's feelings.

Art is the opposite of nature; but art is not therefore unnatural—it is rather the ideal image of nature: one must forget that it is art; but how can one do so when the artist degrades him

or herself by forgetting the natural in art for the sake of a miserable clapping of hands.

The next time I was in the theatre I was entertained with a melodrama from the French—"Cardillac oder das Stadtviertel des Arsenals;" it is constructed after Hoffman's well-known tale, "Fraulein Scudery;" but it was a miserable play. Oliver's part was performed by a Mr. Jacobi, who, they say, has his boots and shoes gratis from the shoemakers' corporation in Hamburg, because he played Hans Sachs. Why he got them I know not; but it was, perhaps, with the respectable shoemakers' corporation as with an old citizen I once knew, who, when he saw his daughter play at a private theatre, clasped his hands and said, "The Lord only knows where she got all she is now saying!" They also, without doubt, thought that Jacobi himself invented all the fine things he said; and as they were all shoemakers, like Hans Sachs, and as, perhaps, there were poets among

them, (not like Hans Sachs,) they thought, "Heute dir, morgen mir!" (To-day you, to-morrow me.) "Who knows what Jacobi may put into our mouths if we should happen to come on the stage?" Jost, as Cardillac, and Madame Mädel, as Scudery, played excellently.

From the theatre we will go to the Botanical Garden, though I saw the former in the evening and the latter in the morning; but the large hot-houses appear to me to be a suitable chain of transition to the free contemplation of nature.

The site is charming: we imagine ourselves far away from Hamburg, and yet there is only the old ditch surrounding the ramparts, and the level walls, with their flower parterres and trees between. The strawberries were already in full flower, and the little birds twittered in the hedges, saying to me, "Do you already perceive that you are travelling southwards?"

From the Botanical Garden I wandered out through Pall Mall in Altona, where I enjoyed

the first fine prospect over the Elbe, and thus came to Ottensen. The well-known tree in the churchyard struck me directly: I stood by Klopstock's grave.

I once read of an English traveller who, when he witnessed a Catholic procession for the first time, and saw the whole assembled multitude kneel, also bent his knee involuntarily, though he knew not if it were a god, a saint, or something merely human, that he knelt to: it was almost the same with me here. I know but little of Klopstock; for his "Messiah"—yes, I will honestly confess it—I have never read. Such a great heroic poem has something in it of a deterring nature to me: it was, in fact, more Klopstock's name than his works that awakened my deep and serious feelings by his grave. It was that immortal name which caused my heart's pulse to beat quicker.

I passed on; Nature beckoned me to view her charms. Neat and beautiful green gardens lay along the shores of the Elbe; the steamers

glided proudly on the river, and the black smoke rolled along over its surface. It is delightful here: yet thousands have said so before me. Who has not been in Rainville's garden at Blankenese, seen "das schöne Marianchen," &c. &c.? yes, all who have no idea of Saxon-Switzerland say that this place resembles it much. The Elbe is, at least, the same, and here even broader.

The birds sang and the flowers nodded, and in such numbers that when, in the twilight, I got back to Hamburg, I fancied that on the whole of the "Jungfrauenstieg" there were nothing but merry birds and nodding flowers moving there.

I dreamed I was a little bird,
That flew o'er the land and the main;
What the heart felt, what the eye saw,
I know not well how to restrain.

I sang each thought that was deep in my breast,
I sang of my pleasures, and then
I took a flight over the foaming sea,
And saw foreign cities and men.

One morn I sat on the old tree's bough,
And warbled my gladsome song;
The flowers peeped forth from the emerald sward,
They were many, and lovely, and young.

But one in its scent and its colour eclips'd
The rest of the greensward train;
And on her I look'd, and for her I sang,
And forgot foreign lands and the main.

Here I'll build my nest and with her I'll dwell,
From her I will never depart,
To her I'll warble my choicest songs
That gush from the depths of the heart.

Modestly to the wind she bent,
And I touch'd her light robe of blue:
Her perfume reveal'd her thought to me,
And the sun her warm blushes' hue.

Bashful she bow'd her fair head down—
How well I remember the hour!
I thought I read requited love
In the glance of that lovely flower.

There came a sportsman comely and young,
His gun o'er his shoulder was cast;
And stooping he stretch'd forth his ruthless hand,
And my flower his bosom graced.

A dew-drop fell from the flowret's leaf,
And methought it was a tear,
Oh! that his gun were levell'd now,
For death have I ceas'd to fear.

In mem'ry my flower is sweet as ere
Its home was the sportsman's breast;
And I fly over country, and city, and town,
Yet my heart finds nor solace nor rest.

Though I mourn, yet my song is ringing still,
Every time o'er the meadow I fly:
It may lure the sportsman, for what is life
Or song when we wish to die?

It was on the fourth day after my arrival that I left Hamburg for Brunswick by the "postkutsche." There were about twenty passengers, who all stood in a group, with cloaks, boxes, and other travelling attributes, by the "hohen Brücke," where we were to enter the conveyance.

The street here was narrow and dark, with a great crowd, noise, and shouting; yet in the midst of all its prose lay a little pastoral scene.

The side houses had many outbuildings and bow windows: between two of these was a little wooden shed stuck up; it was so low that no one could stand upright in it, and so small,

that there was only space for one chair, and no more. Herein sat an old married couple—a shoemaker and his wife. The work-tools lay in the window, and the husband took up the whole place between it and the back wall; the old woman sat close beside him with her knitting, and then came the door: she must, of course, come out of the house first to make way for him.

They really sat there like dolls in a glass-case, and looked very glad and happy; chattering and laughing as they looked at us, whilst we were put, one at a time, into the great "postkutsche."

I got a place in one of the branch-carriages, where I had an Englishman and two Hamburgers for companions; one of them was a Jew.

"Now we shall be interesting!"—was the first thing he said, almost before he had taken his seat in the carriage, and looked at us all with a pleased and satisfied mien.

"Our Hamburg is a fine city, a rich city!" and then he began to sing in falsetto:

"Stadt Hamburg in der Elbe-Auen,
Wie biſt du ſtatlich anzuſchauen!"

I was also quite pleased, for I thought, like the devil when things go wrong, "There I shall have one soul!—him I can certainly make use of." I prayed that this young man's originality might put its Sunday's dress on, and in that hope I too hummed:

"Heil über dir Hammonia!"

Thus we rolled out of the old city of Hamburg.

I mentioned the poet Heine. "Heine!" said he, "yes, Heine is a great man in poetry, and his brother a great man on 'Change. But I don't like his verses—they are so short. You get a rap on the nose, and then that poem is done!"

"Yes," said the other Hamburger, "he is always so ready to give one a rap on the nose! Now, he has written that the Romans and Italians are so handsome, and their features so

regular, and that we Germans have "Kartoffel-Gesichter" (potato-faces). "Have we potato-faces?" said he, as he turned his visage towards me, which, if I must speak conscientiously, was not unlike that vegetable product.

"I would not," he continued, "for anything in the world, travel with such a man; for before one knew a word about it, there might be a whole book written about one!"

"Number two!" thought I, "here I have the second soul! What characters for my travels! They will develop themselves by degrees, and make effect in the third chapter."

We had meanwhile come to the end of the first stage; but, there they both took leave—both the souls!

It is really annoying for an author to lose his first two characters in this way, without having as yet made use of them;—but we will not allow ourselves to be annoyed: we will travel farther.

CHAPTER III.

VIERLAND—THE TRAVELLER AND THE DWELLER ON THE HEATH—THE SCHOOLMISTRESS—LYNEBORG—THE ELVES ON THE HEATH.

We were now in the Vierlands. Small canals crossed each other; every thing was so luxuriantly green; the cherry-trees had changed their blossoms for fruit, though it was only the twenty-first of May. All round about was like a large kitchen-garden; and it is so to Hamburg and the whole neighbourhood around.

Neat houses stood close by the way-side, and some of them had panes of stained-glass in the windows. Children, boys and girls, ran alongside the carriage to sell us flowers; for a trifle we got both nosegays and wreaths.

A journey through the Vierlands to the Hartz is, however, a right living picture of human life. That luxuriant green nature here, where the inhabitants sleep quietly within the dikes, without dreaming of the turbulent stream which in a moment might break in and overwhelm them, appeared to me as the happy green-life's childhood-world, where also grow cherries, plums, peas, and variegated flowers, every where. But we have scarcely passed out of this happy land, over Reality's Elbe-stream, than Life's great Lyneborg-heath lies before us, which, however, is not so bad as it is given out to be. Here also are woods; and though they are but of fir and pine, yet they afford shade. We also find *men* here; and the birds warble sweetly in the green meadows. Behind all that extent of heath rise the Hartz mountains, where even the sunlit clouds lie like mists far below us.

At Zollenspicker, which lies on an island between the Elbe and Elmenau, we all got into

a large ferry-boat, and sailed over the river Elbe, which ran at a rapid rate towards Hamburg, just as if it had a thousand pieces of news from the Bohemian mountains, which it must have inserted in the *Borsenhalle.*

We now landed, and stood in the kingdom of Hanover. The country, as far as Winsen, a Hanoverian hamlet situated by a small river, was tolerably pretty. On the first street-corner here, the painter had written the name of the place in large white letters, "Winsen," and by the side of it placed an immense comma, as if to signify that something more than the mere name could be said about this place.

The inhabitants sat on the steps and drank their tea: we kissed our hands to the ladies, and they nodded again, as familiarly as if we were well acquainted. The sun went down behind the old church tower, and gave us all red cheeks, as we rolled away to the great heath.

It was not yet so bad on the side from

which we approached Lyneborg. The young pine-trees stood with their fresh pale-green shoots—the whole forest looked like a mass of Christmas-trees with their small candles, only the presents were wanting.

We rolled onward between sand and pines.

THE TRAVELLER.

Nor mountain, nor sea,
Heaven gave to thee,
But the ling-covered land,
The pine-tree, and sand:
Only these can I see around,
Within the vast horizon's bound.

THE DWELLER ON THE HEATH.

Mountain and ocean God gave to me.
The sky is the boundless sea;
What sea so great as is this main?
See, it overhangs the plain;
Look down: lo! deeply in the lake,
The stars, like lilies fresh, awake!

Mountains! Are there no mountains here?
Do these bright clouds in vain appear?
They lift themselves with pride and power.
Behold! one seems a rocky tower!
And now down heaven's sea they sail:
Say, wherein do these mountains fail?

From twenty passengers who left Hamburg together, we had dwindled down to six, and now sat, heart by heart, in the great "post-kutsche:" we formed, in a manner, the six of hearts, as there were three on each side.

The one heart—that is to say, with bodily case and appurtenances—was a young student from Hamburg, full of humour and ideas: he found that we just formed a little family circle, and that we ought to know each other intimately. Our names were not asked, but our country; every one got a name after some remarkable man or woman there, and thus we formed a circle of celebrated personages. I, as a Dane, was called Thorvaldsen; my neighbour, a young Englishman, Shakspeare. The student himself could not be less than Claudius; but with our three opposite neighbours he was somewhat perplexed. One was a young girl, about eighteen years of age, who accompanied her uncle, an old apothecary, from Brunswick: he was at last obliged to call her

Miss Mumme, and the uncle Henry Love. But the last of the passengers was quite anonymous, as we could not find any famous characters in that otherwise salt-producing town, Lyneborg, whence she came. She was, therefore, a step-child; and it appeared as if she had often been treated as such, for she smiled with a strange sadness, when we could not find a name for her in the society. This circumstance caused me to regard her more particularly. She was about fifty years of age, had a brown skin, and some traces of the small-pox; but there lay something interesting in her dark eye—something deeply sad, even when she smiled. We heard that she kept a school for young girls in Lyneborg, lived quietly there in a small house, and had now, for the first time, but only for a few days, been in Hamburg. I scarcely heard her speak a word the whole way; but she smiled kindly at our jests, and looked good-naturedly happy at the young girl, every time she laughed heartily at what was said.

In the midst of us chatterers she was the most interesting to me, on account of her silence. As we rolled into Lyneborg's narrow streets, where the houses stood in the moonlight, so old, and, with their pointed gables, so cloister-like, I heard her speak for the first time:—

"Now I am at home!" said she.

We alighted; the old apothecary offered her his arm to conduct her home—it was close by—and the rest accompanied her. It was about eleven o'clock: everything was so still in this strange old town;—its houses, with pointed gables, bow windows, and out-buildings round about, looked singular in the bright moonlight. The watchman had a large rattle, which he made pretty free use of—sang his verse—and rattled again. "Welcome home, Miss!" said he, in the midst of his song; she nodded, and mentioned his name as she went up the high stone steps:—here she lived. I saw her nod her farewell, and disappear behind the door.

When the postilion afterwards blew his horn for us to enter the diligence, I saw a light in her

chamber; a shadow passed over the curtain, it was she, who was looking after us through the window.

That journey was now passed with her, which she, perhaps, had rejoiced in the thought of for several years before: probably it stands as one of the clearest points in her monotonous life, and she has since enjoyed it many times in recollection. There is something really touching in such an old maid's still, cloister-life. Who knows what worm gnaws at that heart?—there are thoughts and feelings we often cannot confide to our dearest friends. On the morrow she would, perhaps, recommence her occupation in the school, and hear the children in *les verbes réguliers*.—"Aimer, aimant, aimé." How many remembrances lie in such a regular verb!

We left Lyneborg without having seen any of its curiosities—without even a glimpse of the celebrated swine that discovered the salt springs, above eight hundred years ago.

We, however, saw the salt-works and the lime-pits, as we left the town; though it

was, sure enough, in the same way as Bürger's Leonore, who saw towns and fields fly past in the moonlight.

We were again six in the diligence: the vacant place had been taken by a merchant who was going to Dresden; thus we still formed a six of hearts as we again found ourselves on the heath.

The monotonous grinding of the wheels in the sand, the piping of the wind through the branches of the trees, and the postilion's music, blended together into a sleep-bringing lullaby: —one passenger after the other nodded his head. Even our nosegays, which were stuck in the pockets of the diligence, imitated the same motion every time the vehicle gave a jolt. I closed my eyes and opened them again, in a half doze, and certainly dreamt. My eye fell in particular on one of the large carnations in the bouquet I had got in Vierland: all the flowers had a powerful scent, but I thought that mine surpassed all the others, both in scent and colour;

and, what was most curious, in the centre of the flower there sat a little airy being, not bigger than one of its leaves, and as transparent as glass: it was its genius, for in every flower there dwells such a little spirit, which lives and dies with it. His wings were of the same colour as the leaves of the carnation, but they were so fine that they looked as if the hue were but the red tint that fell from the flower in the moonlight: golden locks, finer than the seed-dust, glided down over his shoulders and waved in the wind.

As I looked more closely at the other flowers, I observed that he was not the only one: such a little being rocked in every flower—its wings and airy dress were as a tinge of the flower in which it lived. They each rocked on the light leaf, in fragrance and moonlight; each sang and laughed; but it was as when the wind passes gently over the attuned Æolian harp.

There soon came hundreds and hundreds of elves, in quite different habits and forms, through

the open window of the diligence: they came from the dark pine-trees and heath-blossoms. What a chattering there was, and such rocking and dancing! They often sprang right over my nose, and were not ashamed to perform a circular dance on my brow. These pine-elves looked like real wild men, with lance and spear, and yet they were airy as the fine mist which, in the morning sun, exhales its fragrance from the bedewed rose. They arranged themselves in different parties, and played whole comedies, which my fellow-travellers imagined they dreamt: every one had his piece.

For the merry, lively student from Hamburg, the scene was in Berlin. A whole flock of elves disguised themselves as German students; and some were true Philistines, with long pipes in their mouths, and a stick like a club by their side: they stood in long rows—it was a college. One of the pine-elves mounted the rostrum, and spoke so learnedly and intricately that I could not possibly follow the thread of his discourse.

Another party played on our Englishman's lips, danced, and kissed each other; and so it was to him as if he kissed his heart's beloved, felt her cheek lean on his, and looked into her wise affectionate eyes.

For the young girl from Brunswick, they, on the contrary, played a serious scene of her own life: the tears trickled down her cheeks, and the little elves smiled, and each saw himself reflected in a tear; so that every tear that fell in her dreams showed an innocent smile.

They were the worst with the old apothecary, because he had trodden one of the flowers in pieces that had fallen down in the diligence, and thereby killed one of the little elves. They fixed themselves on his leg, and then, in his dream, it was to him as if he had no leg, but hopped about on the stump through the streets of Brunswick, where all the neighbours and strangers stood and looked at him. This, however, grieved the little beings; so they let him have his leg again, and a pair of great wings into the

bargain, so that he could fly high above Henry Love's copper lion, and the high church tower of St. Blasii; and this pleased the old apothecary right well, for he laughed aloud in his sleep.

For the merchant from Dresden they had formed the whole exchange at Hamburg, with Jews and Christians; and set the rate of exchange so high that it had never yet been the like nor ever will be, for it was only such as airy sprites can bring about in dreams. Me they seemed not to take any notice of until long afterwards; when one of them said, "This tall man is a poet; shall he not see anything?"

"He sees us; does he not? that surely is enough for him!"

"Shall we not also let him see what we see? —then he will sing so prettily about it to the others when he awakes."

They held a very long council respecting it— whether I was worthy to be received into their society or not; but as they had at the time no

better poet with them, I got a card of admission. The little elves kissed me on the eyes and ears, and it seemed to me that I suddenly became a new and better man.

I looked out on the great Lyneborg heath, which is said to be so ugly. Good Heavens! how people talk!—yes, they talk as they see and hear. Every grain of sand was a glittering rock: the long grass-straw, full of dust, that hung out on the broad high-road, was the prettiest macadamised way one can imagine for the little elves; such a little smiling face peeped forth from every leaf! The pines looked like completed towers of Babel, with myriads of elves from the lowest broad branch to the very top. The whole air was filled with the strangest figures, and all clear and quick as light. Four or five flower-genii rode on a white butterfly they had driven out of its sleep; whilst others built palaces of the strong fragrance and the fine moonbeams. The whole of that great heath was an enchanted world, full of miracles.

With what art was not every flower's leaf woven! What a mass of life lay in the green pine-shoot! Every grain of sand had its different colour and peculiar combination; and what infinity in the expansive firmament above!

The legend says, that the mermaid alone can receive an immortal soul from man's true love and Christian baptism. The little flower-elves do not demand so much: a tear from a repentant or compassionate human heart is that baptism which gives them immortality, and therefore the elves seek so willingly the society of man; and when the pious resigned sigh ascends from our breast, they rise on it to God; thus they also are admitted into the great resplendent heaven, and grow up angels under the powerful sunlight of Eternity.

The dew began to fall: I saw the air-light genii sporting about on the large dew-drops. Many poets say that the elves bathe themselves in dew; but how can that light being which dances on the thistle-down without moving it,

cleave its way through the solid mass of water? No—they stood upon the round drop, and when it rolled under their feet, and the light drapery fluttered in the air, they looked like the most charming miniature pictures of Fortune on her rolling ball.

Suddenly I felt a trembling movement in the air. I started up, and the whole had vanished; but the flowers shed a strong perfume, and through the window I saw some fresh green birch-branches hanging down. The postilion had decked out the whole diligence with green boughs, because it was Whit-Sunday. The old apothecary stretched himself in the carriage, and said, "One can, after all, dream here!" but neither he nor the other passengers thought that I was cognisant of their dreams.

The sun rose; we all sat quiet—I believe we prayed in silence, whilst the birds sang hymns for Whitsuntide, and the heart itself preached its best sermon.

People were going to church in Uelzen when

we got there. The sun burnt like fire; we were almost half dead when we reached Gifhorn, and were still four German miles from Brunswick. I felt so tired that I scarcely cared to look out of the diligence, even when we could see the Hartz mountains and the Brocken. At length we reached our journey's end, and I found rest and refreshment in the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

CHAPTER IV.

BRUNSWICK—"THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A GAMESTER"—A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME—THE MOTHER AND SON—WANDERING IN THE TOWN—DEPARTURE—THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

"WHAT do they perform at the theatre this evening?" I asked. "O, ein wunderschönes Stück!" said the waiter. "Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers."

I knew that it was a piece with much dramatic effect; it had caused a great sensation throughout Germany, but I thought it could not be more effective than "Cardillac."

The piece was not divided into acts, but into days, between each of which there was a period of fifteen years. I bore the infliction of two days, but then I could bear it no longer; the

audience were kept on the rack of suspense; but only think of me, poor man, almost jolted to death from the journey!

The first day ended with the gamester taking the life of his old father; the second day he shot quite an innocent person: I felt my blood boil, and fully expected that the third day would be devoted to the murder of the spectators also.

I was in a terrible humour. I went home, but I saw everywhere outcasts of humanity, broken-hearted mothers and desperate gamblers. I felt such a disgust for cards, that I immediately burnt a pack of innocent visiting-cards, merely because they bore the name of cards. My mind was in a state of uproar. I tried to calm it by singing lullabys—nay, I even sat down at last to tell myself a child's story, which you, dear reader, must also hear.

"While the Copenhageners are still quite little urchins, and have not been farther

out into the world than to the deer-park* and Frederiksburg,† and their grandmothers or nurses tell them about enchanted princes

* "Dyrehaven."—The Deer Park, about six English miles from Copenhagen, is, during the months of June, July, and August, a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Copenhagen, of all ages and ranks, from the king to the peasant, the grandfather to the child. It is a pleasant beech-wood park, in which are a royal hunting lodge and several springs of fine water. A pleasure fair is held there during six weeks, commencing on the twenty-first of June, and continuing until the first of August, every year. It is situated near the sea, and the drive to it is delightful, being along the strand, and commanding a fine prospect of the Swedish coast, and the roadstead of Copenhagen, with the shipping, &c. Along the road are a number of elegant villas, inhabited chiefly by the gentry and merchants of the capital. Several steamers ply daily between the city and the park during the summer months, when vehicles of every description are also in requisition; so that the road to "Dyrehaven" presents, on a fine Sunday, a sight similar to the Epsom road on the Derby day, though on a less pretending scale. (Translator.)

† Frederiksburg is a royal palace, at present inhabited by the Dowager Queen of Denmark, situated on a lofty hill, about an English mile from Copenhagen, and affording a fine prospect over the city, the island of Amack, the adjacent country, and part of the Baltic. Here are some extensive grounds, laid out in the English style of gardening: it is much frequented. (Translator.)

and princesses, golden mountains and talking birds,—then the little head dreams about the beautiful visionary land, and looks over the sea that joins the sky between the Danish and the Swedish coast. It must lie out there, they think, and paint this new world to themselves in such brilliant colours! but they become older, go to school, and get hold of their geography, which at once breaks up the whole of their land of dreams, though it is in that that *we* must remain.

"Here lived, many many years ago—long before any one dreamt of my authorship, and 'Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers'—an old silver-haired king, who had such confidence in the world that he could not imagine that any one could tell a lie; nay, a lie was to him such a visionary picture, that he promised one day in council, to give his daughter and half the kingdom to him who could tell him something which he must be sensible was a lie.

"All his subjects began to study the art of lying, but the good king took all they said for truth. At last he became quite melancholy, wept, and dried his eyes on his royal mantle, as he sighed, 'Shall I never be able to say—It is a lie?'

"Thus the days glided on, when, one morning, there came a fine well-grown prince, who loved the princess and was beloved again: he had studied lying for nine years, and now hoped to win her and the kingdom. He told the king that he wished to have a situation as gardener, and the king said, 'Very well, my son!' and led him into the garden.

"Here the cabbages, in particular, were of a fine growth; but the young prince turned up his nose, and said, '*Was ist das?*'

"'They are cabbages, my son!' said the king.

"'Cabbages! in my mother's kitchen-garden they are so large that a regiment of soldiers can stand under every leaf.'

"'It is very possible,' said the king; 'Nature's powers are great, and there is an immense difference in the growth of plants.'

"'Then I will not be a gardener,' answered the prince; 'let me rather be your land-steward.'

"'See, here is my barn; have you ever seen a larger or finer?'

"Larger? yes! If you could but see my mother's! Only think: when they built it, and the carpenter sat at the top of the roof cutting away with his axe, the head flew out of the shaft, and before it reached the ground a swallow had built its nest in the hole, laid eggs, and hatched young ones. That you surely must believe to be a lie, sir king?'

"No, indeed I do not! human art goes far; why should your mother not have such a barn?"

"Thus it went on and on, but the prince got neither the kingdom nor the beautiful princess; so they both pined away with grief

and suspense, for the king had sworn, "No one shall have my daughter unless he can tell me a lie!"

"His good heart could never believe in such a thing; nay, even when he died—which he did at last—and was placed in the large marble coffin, he got no peace; and they say that he still wanders about the earth as an unblessed spirit, because he never had his desire appeased."

I had got thus far with my story—that is, to the end—when there was a knocking at my door. I cried out, "Come in!" and—imagine my surprise!—there stood the old king before me, with his crown on his head, and his sceptre in his hand.

"I heard you relate my life's history," said he, "and that has brought me to you. Perhaps you know a lie that can procure me peace in the grave?"

I endeavoured to recover myself, told him how it was that I had come to relate to

myself his life and acts, and then mentioned—"Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers."

"Tell it to me!" said he; "I am very fond of the terrible. I am myself a spirit, as you see, terrible in my old age!"

I began to relate the whole to him, went through scene by scene, and showed him that picture of human life: his features cleared up, he seized my hand, and said with enthusiasm, "It is a lie, my son! it is not so in the world: but now I am released! Thanks be to you, who told me this; thanks be to Louis Angely, who brought it out on the stage; but blessed be Victor Ducange, who wrote it. Now I shall have peace in the grave!"—and then he vanished.

When I awoke next morning, the whole of this story appeared to me as a dream.

I now began my rambles in the city, which appeared to be a very still and peaceful one.

Here all the windows inclined inward, and the flower-pots outward. The servant girls flut-

tered through the streets in variegated calico cloaks, and the children cried, "Her' Jos'!" (Lord Jesus,) to every other word they said. The ramparts are levelled; one walks in long avenues, and finds many flower parterres, which one may look at, but not touch.

I went to the "Falleberthor"—an historical place in the fifteenth century, for then all the princes and powerful lords in the land assembled there every seventh year, and took part with the people in dancing and revelry. At that period, they threw dice there for everything, even to get a wife; and he who threw the highest was obliged to marry. Round about, in parti-coloured tents, sat the noble dames in all their state, and looked at the merry multitude without. Everything was now changed; a long avenue, with country-houses, villas, &c., lay before me, on both sides. Some of the honest burghers walked about here, enjoying the morning hour, without ever thinking that perhaps their great-great-grandmother had been

set up as a prize to be thrown for, in her flourishing youth, as they now put up a child's cloak or a work-box.

It was Whit-Monday: the bells rang, and people streamed to the cathedral church of St. Blasius—I followed the stream. The organ pealed through the lofty arches, the congregation sang, and the old Dukes of Brunswick lay in dust and ashes, down in their copper and marble coffins. This is all that I can tell about my first visit there—but it is truth.

After church-service, there was a marriage. They were a handsome couple, but what struck me particularly was, the singular expression of joy and sorrow depicted in the bride's eyes: she appeared to be looking for some one as she went up to the altar.

"He is certainly in the church," whispered two women, who stood by the side of me.

"Poor Edward!—yes, that he certainly is."

A light broke in upon me; but I was certain he was not there. Had it been a novel of

Johanne Schoppenhauer's, he would assuredly have stayed, deathly pale, behind a pillar, and witnessed the marriage ceremony: here, on the contrary, it was reality; he was not there, but where —— ?

THE MOTHER.

Why com'st thou from the church, my son?
The nuptial mirth is not begun.
A bride to-day will Margaret be.
But thou art pale!—Oh, woe is me!
And yet, what cause have I of woe?
Thou look'st to-day exactly so,
As when—O God! now I must weep!—
A child, thou in the grass didst sleep,
Thy foot a venomous snake had bit,
And in thy face death seem'd to sit:
I doubly suffered then with thee;
But the good God was kind to me.
Thy foot I placed deep in the ground,
Which suck'd the poison from the wound.

THE SON.

Yes, mother, earth can ease afford
To poison'd wounds; then pity, Lord!
The venom now is in my heart,
Let earth relieve the poison'd part.
O, bury deep this tortur'd breast—
Earth, earth alone can give me rest!

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte, doch bleibt sie immer neu,"*—says Heine.

On coming out of the old church, I looked at the knightly epitaphs in the walls, and the ancient buildings that lay round about in the streets. The old senate-house was transformed into a wine-cellar, though it still stood in all its Gothic reverence, with the large stone balcony; and between every pillar was a princely knight, with his consort, carved in stone, of a natural size.

In a remote corner of the city, near one of the gates, there is a large and beautiful garden, belonging to a merchant. It is open to the public; and on the façade of the house stands, "Salve Hospes!" Here was a forest of exotic flowers and fruit-trees, which, planted in large tubs, stood round about the house. All was flower and fragrance. From a place in the garden, which led to an arm of the river Ocker,

* It is an old story, yet it will be always new.

we had one of the sweetest landscapes imaginable. It was a bleaching-ground—a large meadow, full of yellow flowers. At some distance lay several villas, between the beeches and tall poplars; and, in the distant horizon, the Hartz with the Brocken, which, like a grey storm-cloud, rose up between the other sunlit mountains: it was a finished picture! In the mountains themselves we have background, without foreground; and in the plains, it is the contrary —foreground enough, but no background; here were both, and as finely distributed as one could wish. I saw a young painter sketching the clouds and airy part of the picture. People walked past, without noticing him. And so near the city! He should have been at Copenhagen. I remember one of our most famous landscape-painters once told me, that he one evening took a walk along the banks of the Pebling-lake,* in order to study the appearance

* One of the three lakes that supply Copenhagen with water. (Translator.)

of the sky. Delighted with its beautiful reflection on the surface of the water, he stood and looked into it; when a crowd soon collected about him, and all asked, "Is any one drowned?"

I walked past Heinrich Love's old castle, by moonlight: the large copper lion stood quietly on its pedestal, and looked into the castle on the new generation which, in soldiers' uniforms, peeped out of all the windows.

On the third day after my arrival, I left Brunswick, by the "Schnellpost," and fell into company with two young lieutenants, who travelled incognito, as majors; they directly made me a professor, and, as it costs nothing by way of tax for the title,* I submitted to it with Christian patience. We had, besides, a servant-maid of about forty years of age, who was to meet the family at Goslar; and an old

* In Germany and Denmark every person having a title pays a tax, according to rank, from the page to the prince. (Translator.)

original schoolmaster, with whom we must try to be better acquainted. The woman was of a character between the melancholy and the sanguine; she was in tears every moment, because, just on that day, the great annual target-shooting was to take place in Brunswick, which she had so great a desire to be present at; but now it was the third year she had been obliged to travel on this very day.

I parted company with all my fellow-travellers, except the schoolmaster, at the first station: we were now placed in a less carriage, where there was only room for four persons; the hearts thus came corporeally nearer, and I had now but one figure to occupy myself with. He was a man of about sixty years of age; a little slender being, with lively eyes, and a black velvet skull-cap on his head. He was the express image of Jean Paul's *schulmeisterlein*, Wuz, from Auenthal. My schoolmaster was from a little Hanoverian town; and was going to visit an old friend in Goslar, with

whom he would, like myself, ascend the mountains for the first time. He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and twines flowers around every stub; for whom the narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace, and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride, he told me about his little town, which to him was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre.

"Yes," said he, "you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of its having been a stable before! The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by our old painter; and the music itself—yes, i'faith, it is really good, for such a small town!—two violins, a clarionet, and a great drum; they play very nicely!

"I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend

to those hocus-pocuses and tra-la-la's, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old sexton, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinasky between the acts; our women hum in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks; it is a real pleasure!"

"And how of the acting?" I asked.

"Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals; and at the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage."

"It must indeed be a great pleasure—"

"A pleasure?" interrupted he, "yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves, and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery, drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as

in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop-scene representing the street is the finest: there we have our own town-market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have is, the little iron chandelier: the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault—for I am not the man to praise everything—another fault is, that many of our women when they *act*, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly giggle and nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure!"

"But when there are no performances in the winter, it must be very quiet in your little town; the long evenings—"

"O, they go on quite delightfully. My wife, both the children, and the servant girl, sit down to spin; and when all the four wheels are going, I read aloud to them; so the work goes on

easier, and the time flies away. On Christmas-eve we play for gingerbread-nuts and apple-fritters, whilst the poor children sing outside the doors about Christmas joys and the infant Jesus—and that brings the tears in my eyes, although I am so inwardly glad."

Thus the current of conversation ran rapidly on, whilst the vehicle moved slowly forward in the sandy road. The mountains came gradually forward from behind their misty veils, like strong proud masses, overgrown with dark fir-woods; the corn-fields wound picturesquely in between them, and Goslar, the old, free, imperial city, lay before us. All the roofs of the houses were covered with slates, in consequence of which the town, which lies enclosed between the mountains, has a strange dark appearance. Here had once been the seat of the German kings and emperors; here the diets had been held, and the fate of the country and the kingdom decided. Now—yes, now, it is famous for its mines, and made more so by Heine's "Sketches of Travel."

Here I parted company with my Hanoverian schoolmaster, in the hope that we should again meet on Bloxberg. He went to the right, I to the left, where I took up my quarters in "der Keíser von Rusland."

CHAPTER V.

GOSLAR—THE MINES—THE SPIDER—BEAUTIFUL MATILDA, (A LEGEND)—ILSE—THE BROCKEN.

THE air felt so singularly oppressive, I could actually smell the fumes of the mine, which has something in common with that which they tell us the devil perfumes with, when he goes angry away from a place. But as I have named the *old gentleman*, I must directly make known, before I forget it, that one of the most remarkable things in Goslar was a present from this far-famed personage. There stands in the centre of the market-place, a large metal basin, constantly filled with water, through pipes, which the inhabitants use instead of the alarm-bell when there is a fire, as they beat on it so

that it can be heard over the whole town. This basin, the legend says, was brought hither one night by the above-named gentleman; I handled it, and found that it was very warrantable work.

The town-hall stands close by here, dark and antiquated, with all its mighty emperors disposed outside: they stand on the first floor, with crowns on their heads, sceptre in hand, and all strongly illuminated, like a Nuremberg image. I saw an old miner pointing out these doughty heroes to his little grand-daughter, who would ever after imagine all the kings and emperors of the earth to be such serious-looking stone men, with sword and crown. That little intelligent being could already see that it is not a life of flowers to be a king, and stand with the heavy crown, day and night, outside the town-hall, to watch over law and justice.

As I walked through the streets I saw several houses on which stood the Madonna and Child; but in many places they were whitened over,

like the walls. There appeared something sad in thus seeing these half-ruined stone images, which stood here like mummies of a past age: they, also, once lived and ruled, though now obscured in this dead stone. It seemed to me as though they whispered: "It is not now as before, when the emperor and the people bent the knee before us! neither is Goslar as it was before: the crown has fallen from mine and the emperor's head!"

"These dead masses have a greater durability," thought I, as the town lay behind me, and I stood for the first time by a mountain. It was Rammelsberg, known for its mine, in which there is said to be more building timber than in all the houses in Goslar. The whole of the side facing the town consisted, for the most part, of schistus-stone, which gave to the mountain the appearance of an immense building that had been burnt and fallen in ruins. The air itself had in it something sulphureous, and the water that came out of the mountain,

through a drain, looked quite of an ochreous yellow.

The Norwegian peasant calls the thick, blue-white mist, which so often remains stationary between the sides of the mountains, "*Ulddotter*;"* and I know no name that is more characteristic: it actually looked as if an immense mass of the finest carded wool had been blown into the deep ravine, and hung there above the dark pines.

Where we descend the mine there was a number of young men rolling the rough masses of ore into a recess, dug out for the purpose. We got a guide; he lighted his lamp, then opened a large door, and—I felt quite strange about the heart—we entered. The passage was of brickwork for a short distance, but the angular pieces of rock soon showed themselves in the arches round about: we descended deeper and deeper. Miners, with their lamps, met us; "Glück auf!"† was the mutual greet-

* Carded wool. † A pleasant voyage.

ing, whilst all round about was still as in the grave. The passages here seemed to be of bronze; the ore shone forth in the stones, sometimes green, sometimes copper-coloured.

A merchant from Goslar accompanied me. We had only a narrow plank to walk on, and were often obliged to stoop quite low, on account of the pieces of rock which hung down. One passage crossed the other, and the guide often seemed to be quite away from us. All at once there was a roaring sound over our heads; it was as if the whole mountain was falling in. I said not a word, but held fast by my companion, who told me that it was a sluice they had opened above, and which set a wheel in motion, whereby the pieces of ore were hoisted up from the nethermost mine. An abyss opened to our view by the side of us. We could not, by the light of the lamp, distinctly perceive the whole of the large wheel which the water rushed over. I know not rightly if this, or the large grottoes where the ore is worked

loose by means of fire, was the more picturesque. The red flames shot up high in the air, and, as it were, illuminated the dark miners round about. I leaned against the rocky wall, and began to accustom myself to this strange world, which had a beauty in it, though it was terrible.

It is a strange contrast, that which exists between the mariner's varied, and the miner's monotonous life. With swelling sails the seaman flies over the glorious sea, from coast to coast; the foreign harbours swarm with life and bustle. Sometimes it blows a storm, so that the mast falls, and the ship is tossed about like a plaything by the fierce billows; then it is again a dead calm—he sits up aloft in the main-top, and looks over the boundless space between sea and sky.

To the miner, on the contrary, one day glides on like the other. Here he sits, with his lamp, far down in the black pit, and hammers the ore out of the rock—in semi-dark-

ness he sits, body and mind. Sunday alone brings some change: he then puts on a better dress, goes to church, and sees the sun shine mildly into it, and feels it in his heart. Perhaps, also, he goes in the afternoon to Goslar, hears the newspapers read there, and thinks how strangely people struggle and strive in the world; he will, perhaps, also, if he be still young, unbend himself, and play and be merry with the rest;—but on Monday he is again to be found sitting far down in the pit, and plying the hammer—and thus it goes on, until a strange hand strikes the last blow with the hammer on his coffin.

When we again ascended from the mine, the sun shone beautifully over the young pine-trees, where the rain-drops lay like pearls on the light green shoots. It seemed to me that I had never seen anything more charming than these sunlit mountain-sides and the clear sky—so great was the transition from the dark mine to the fair summer scene.

A narrow footpath led us round Goslar; high grass grew in the moat, and the thick city walls were almost hidden behind bushes and underwood. We then ascended "der Zwinger," a large round tower from the emperors' time; the walls are twenty-two feet thick. In later times they had blown up the walls of the first story, and arranged habitable rooms in the wall itself. At the very top there was a large saloon, where the citizens of Goslar used to hold balls and festivities. A large spider had spun its web close by the door, and looked at me and a noisy fly that buzzed about my nose as I came in. I cannot say that this hexagon weaver was any beautiful object on the wall, yet, if one view it poetically, it may serve for a picture to hang up in one's gallery of travels.

THE SPIDER.

"Canst thou remember, pretty fly?
Here were candles set in sconces;
Minuets, and English dances,
Were danced in this room so high.

"Great and small, and weak and strong,
All whirled here, a merry crew;
Whilst thou in eddying circles flew,
And wert prettiest of the throng.

"Under the beam there, I sat still,
My heart within me glow'd the while;
But now the dance, the jest, the smile,
Are o'er, and hush'd the music's thrill.

"The dance! it is thy greatest pleasure!
I, a dancing-room have wrought,
See, 'tis light as fancy's thought!
Wilt thou with me tread a measure?

"Joy and festive mirth shall be
Once more in this famous tower:
Come, lovely fly, come to my bower,
Thy partner, I will dance with thee!"

The principal church in Goslar is a ruin; there is only a chapel standing now, and in it vestiges of the church's former glories. An old woman conducted us over the chapel, and gave us an explanation of these treasures. Close to the door, inside, was a painting of St. Christopher, of a colossal size, where he stood in the water with the infant Jesus on

his shoulders. "They were what one may call *men* at that time," said the old woman, who really believed that "der grosser Christoph" had actually been as tall and stout as he appeared here.

A female figure, formed of sandstone, lay in an open coffin; it is said to be that of the beautiful Matilda, a daughter of the Emperor Henry the Third. She was so handsome that her own father fell in love with her; therefore she prayed to God that he would at once make her very ugly. The devil then appeared to her, and promised that he would change her father's love to hate, if she would be his for ever. She agreed to the contract, on condition that if he did not find her sleeping the first three times he came to her, she should then be free of him.

In order to keep herself awake, she took her needle and silk, and embroidered a costly robe, whilst her little dog Qvedl sat by her side. Every time she fell asleep, and the devil

approached, the faithful dog barked, and she was again awake and actively at work. As the devil now saw himself duped, and obliged to fulfil his promise, he passed his ugly claw over her face, so that her beautiful arched brow was pressed down, and the royal nose made broad and flat: her little mouth he extended till it reached her ears, and he breathed on her beautiful eyes, so that they appeared like lead and mist. The Emperor was now disgusted with her; and she then built an abbey, which, after her faithful dog Qvedl, she called Qvedlingburg, where she herself was the first abbess.

The old woman who showed us this stone image knew not rightly if it were intended to represent her in her days of beauty, or in the following time, when the devil had laid his fingers on her: I was most inclined to the latter opinion.

The Emperor Henry the Third's pew has also a place here; his effigy, and those of the

other two emperors, in the stained-glass windows, looked so fresh and life-like, as the light played through the many-coloured paintings, that I was induced to sit down in the pew and regard them attentively.

There was an ancient inscription in the wall, which none of us could rightly decipher. "Yes," said my companion, "if my brother, the doctor, were only here, he would explain all that stands there to us! He is a learned man; yes," said he to me, "he is just as learned as you are!"

"Poor fellow!" thought I, but I did not say it.

In the evening I again went the same tour round the town, but I was not alone. It was moonlight; the streets were still, and the houses cast strong shadows. The water plashed monotonously in the large copper basin, and the old emperors stood so seriously, with their hands on their swords, and looked forth into the moonlight. It seemed to me as if I stood

in one of the enchanted cities, which when a child I had read of in many a fairy tale: the mountain mists that lay around the town appeared like a magic circle that encompassed it, and when the mists were dissipated, methought every thing would again awake to its former life. There would then be mirth and noise again in the streets; the old emperors would step out from their places in the walls, and address the assembled people, who bent before the Madonna, as she sat in a halo of burning lamps. The sandstone image of the Princess Matilda would rise from its fragile coffin, and become flesh and blood, and her faithful dog Qvedl would again bark merrily, so that no one should fall asleep when the evil powers approached.

It was as if the monotonous plashing of the water murmured the powerful words of enchantment that could absolve the city from its magical transmutation, and I understood that mighty hieroglyphic—"When thou hast slept,

this will awake!" And it was true; for when I sallied out into the street the next morning, the sun shone brightly on the houses—which looked by no means spectral—and from the window opposite the smiling face of a girl peeped forth, which, better than thousands of printed proclamations, announced that no magical transmutation lay over old Goslar.

At the opera-house in Berlin they perform a ballet called "Die Neue Amazone," in which, amongst other scenes, there appears a vessel sailing down a river. The vessel itself rocks but does not proceed, but the scene behind glides continually forward over the stage, thus showing how the country changes as they sail along. When one has looked at it for some moments, it quite deceives the eye, and we imagine that we are sailing too. If the same experiment could be made here, you, my dear reader, should likewise see how the beautiful scenery changed as I wandered on.

Goslar now lay behind me; between the mountains the road led past a mill, where the merry journeyman was struggling in the doorway with a girl, to get a kiss.

A steep bank, where the yellow ochreous earth shone forth, rose close by, with the ruins of an old watch-tower. The prospect now became more extensive; Ockerdalen (the Ochre-dale), with its smelting-huts, lay around us. The black smoke curled in the air, and contrasted strangely with the blue-white mist about the mountains. The fierce red fire burnt within the huts, and the smelted ore ran down, like lava, with green and white flames, into a gutter over the floor.

A little path led us over field and meadow, into the green leafy wood, which, however, soon changed for the old dark pines. Round about were several springs of water, so that the earth in several places stood in a marsh, and my guide plumped in to the knees. We met several wandering students, in white tra-

velling blouses, and with flowers in their caps: another party had three or four large dogs with them, and looked not unlike Carl Moor's troopers. The forest resounded with whistling and shouting; but I neither saw nor heard any other birds in that large and quiet forest.

Of the ruins of Harzburg there was too little to see, and of bushes round about there were too many; so that there was scarcely any prospect. We came up with a wandering postman, who was going to Blankenburg; he told us that on this road, until within the last two years, there had been many "Spitzbuben" (knaves and robbers), and that even now it was not always safe at night; and strange enough it was, that as he told this, the forest at once became thicker, much darker, and consequently also far more solemn.

A thunder-cloud gathered over us, and the first discharge of heaven's artillery rolled between the mountains as we entered the village of Ilsenburg.

The baronial castle here is finely situated, but appeared somewhat ruinous. The nettles grew up high before the walls, whence the red fragments of stone had fallen down into the river.

The Brocken was quite enveloped in the large thunder-cloud, which darted its lightning down amongst the pine-trees; yet, after a rest of a few hours, I determined to ascend the mountain.

A fresh guide announced himself, the thunder was past, and we set off through the beautiful valley Ilsedal. "Beautiful!" How little does there not lie in the mere word? Yet the painter himself cannot, with his living colours, represent nature in all its greatness; how, then, should the poet be able to do it with words? No;—could tones become corporeal; could we paint with tones, as with pen and ink, then we should be able to represent the spiritual,—that which seizes the heart when the bodily eye sees a new and wondrously charming scene of nature.

The river Ilse ran on with a stormy current by the side of our path; high pine covered mountains lay on both sides. The naked rock Ilsenstein, with a large iron cross on its highest point, rose perpendicularly in the air; it made one's neck ache to look up to this height; and yet when we stand on the Brocken the eye looks far down in search of it. The opposite side is a rocky wall of similar exterior; every thing around indicates that these rocks, by some mighty convulsion of nature, have been riven asunder, thereby forming a bed for the river Ilse. In this mighty rock, says the legend, lives the beautiful Princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the morning sun, rises from her couch, and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her here; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind.

When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, high up into Germany; the beautiful Ilse then

fled, with her bridegroom, from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat. At length they stood on this enormous rock, which projected far above the swelling sea; the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves; huts, human beings, and animals, had disappeared. Alone they stood, arm in arm, looking down on the waves as they broke against the rock. But the waters rose higher; in vain they sought an uncovered ridge of rock where they could ascend the Brocken, that lay like a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them; an immense cleft opened itself there, and threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands; the side walls bent forward and backward; they fell together into the rushing flood. From her the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the flinty rock.

We proceeded further into the forest; the way

began to wind upwards towards the Brocken; the declining sun could not shine in between the thick pines; round about lay the huts of charcoal-burners, enveloped in a bluish smoke, so that the whole had a still, strange, and romantic character. It was a picture that attuned the soul to sadness.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Here between the forest pines
From the hut the red glare shines;
The coal-black smoke the roof ascends;
There the charcoal-burner bends.
Illumin'd by the fire's warm glow,
He looks half black—half crimson now;
Whilst he the glowing masses turns,
The fire brighter, deeper burns.

Leaning on his staff so long,
He chants aloud an ancient song:
"The pine-tree, year by year it grows,
Through summer's heat and winter's snows,
Like my own true love, I ween,
Always green, but darkly green!"
The song to him no comfort brings,
But the fire deepens, as he sings.

The road went more and more upwards; round about lay enormous masses of rock. The

river rushed over the large blocks, and formed a succession of waterfalls. Sometimes the channel of the river was hemmed in between two narrow cliffs, where the black stream then boiled with a snow-white foam; sometimes it rushed on, broad and unchecked, between the fallen pines, and carried the large green branches with it.

As we continued to ascend, the bed of the river became less—the stream diminished, as it were, to a spring; and at last we saw only the large water-drops that bubbled forth from the moss.

The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumulus, and that on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers, growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top.

We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist. We stood in a cloud.

A choir of music sounded clearly from the

inn up here. There were about forty travellers there; some of them had brought instruments with them, and were playing merrily from "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello," and other popular pieces.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of a cloud, but behind a five foot thick wall—here I sat in a little room, and warmed myself by the hot stove. The mattresses of the bed were stuffed with sea-weed from Denmark: thus, I could lie down to rest on Danish ground high aloft in the clouds.

The cows were driven home; they had bells on, and it sounded prettily; but out of doors everything was still in mist; it began to blow, and the wind drove the clouds onward over the mountain's top, as if they were flocks of sheep. Three ladies, with large hats on their heads, ran about and plucked the white Brocken-flowers. The clouds touched their legs, so that it looked like the witches' scene in Macbeth.

There was a knock at my door, and in came the good schoolmaster, with whom I had travelled from Brunswick—it seems, we were destined to meet on Bloxberg. In company with his old friend in Goslar, to whom he was on a visit, he had come up here two hours earlier than I, and had already made acquaintance with several of the travellers, who all, according to his account, were very genteel and polite persons. He was extremely happy, and showed me how many verses he had already written out of the books kept on the Brocken, and which he intended to take home.

It is well known that here, and in every other remarkable place in Germany visited by strangers, a book is kept in which the travellers write their names, and sometimes a whole verse; and it was a selection of these that he had copied out.

There were a few drawings in the book; genius had shown itself in many ways: and how many have not here dreamed of immor-

tality when they wrote their names! Now if all these be immortal, then I shall be so too; for I wrote mine.

The schoolmaster presented me to his friend, but he did not please me at all; he appeared to me so still, and with such a say-nothing air about him, though I could see he endeavoured to put some character into his face. He was one of those persons who, if he had been a doctor, and with this his usual mien when feeling a patient's pulse, had sat down and kept silence, one would have said, "He is thinking;" although I should have thought he had just made a pause in his thoughts.

We were, however, called out of doors, where the whole company were assembled. The musicians had taken their places on the top of the tower, and all the other travellers furnished themselves with broomsticks, fire-shovels, sticks, and what they could get: they invited us to take part in a great dance of witches in the declining twilight. One took

the other by the hand—great and little, stout and thin, all joined in the mad-cap fun, and the merry intermezzo began.

THE INSTRUMENTS ON THE TOWER.

We are merry, merry, ho!
Each drums, and blows like a musical fellow;
Passing from "Fra Diavolo,"
To the "Bride" and "Masaniello."

CHORUS.

Dolorem furca pellas ex;
I've sung it in the heather!
I'm a witch, thou'rt a witch,
We're witches all together!

THE ROCK.

Dance on! I lie here like a stone,
And cannot share your game;
But when you've pass'd hence one by one,
I still shall be the same.

THE ELVES.

We sit here behind the flower,
To see you dance at midnight hour!
What clowns are those upon the tower,
Making discord near our bower?

THE LOVER.

I am lifted the clouds above;
For how deeply was I blest,
And wafted to the heaven of love,
When her lips to mine were press'd!

CHORUS.

Dolorem furca pellas ex;
I've sung it in the heather'l,
I'm a witch, thou'rt a witch,
We're witches all together!

Towards midnight all was again still in the house.

The moon began to force her light through the mist, and cast her pale beams into the long narrow chamber. I could not sleep, and therefore ascended the tower to enjoy the prospect. Whoever has in his dreams soared over the earth, and seen lands, with towns and forests far below him, has a remote idea of this inconceivable magnificence. The pine covered mountains below me were of a pitchy darkness; white clouds, illumined by the moon, darted like spirits along the mountain's side. There

was no boundary; the eye lost itself in an infinity; towns with their towers, charcoal-burners' huts, with their columns of smoke, all stood forth in the transparent veil of mist, which the moon illumined. It was Fancy's world of dreams that lay before me, full of life. In the times when might was right, many a knight with his esquire has lain here in the dark forests, lurking for the merchant as he bore his costly wares from city to city. Yonder, where not a trace now remains, on the lofty cliff, stood the baronial castle, with its high strong walls and lofty towers, and resounded with mirth in the long winter nights. The mists rose higher and higher between the dark mountains, the clouds assumed strange forms as they hurried on. There, thought I, there, in that wide circle, grows the enchanted flower, the "Wunderbluhme," of the dwellers on the Hartz, which many a childish heart in its simplicity still seeks. Only one found it, but he himself knew it not before it was lost.

I did not seek it here; I felt it growing in my heart; angels had sown the seed there when I still slumbered in the cradle—it grew, it extended its magic fragrance; *fancy*, this life's glorious flower, unfolded itself more in my heart, and I heard and saw a new and greater nature around me.

Saint Christopher,

A CATHOLIC LEGEND.*

Saint Christopher, whose original name was Reprobus, was a heathen who came from the land of Canaan; he was of gigantic stature, and endowed with superhuman strength. After he had come to years of discretion, he lived a long time according to his own hu-

* Presuming that there are many readers to whom the legend of St. Christopher is not known, I have ventured to insert it here—although it does not form any part of this translated work—on account of the allusion made to "the saint with the infant Jesus on his shoulders," which it may serve to elucidate. (The Translator.)

mour; and as he was of a wild and refractory disposition, he fell into continual strife and disputes with other persons. He always came off victorious in every combat, and became so accustomed to overcome all, and constantly to have his own will, that he at length felt tired of, and disgusted with life. As every one fled from, and trembled for fear of him, his irresistible strength became a burden to him; and he said one day to himself, "How miserable is my life! Why have I it? I can destroy everything that I please, for nothing can resist me; but why should I on that account leave this place? I would be lord and master, and that I now am; but what pleasure does it afford me? I cannot bear this life any longer: I will try to serve and obey, instead of commanding and being obeyed. I will seek a master, but he shall be the mightiest of all, for none less will I serve."

So said, so done; he set out on his way, and came at length to a mighty king, who

had a large kingdom to govern. He went into his service, and promised him fidelity and allegiance, and the king showed him favour.

Now it happened that, in the songs which the king's bard sang to him, the name of the devil was sometimes mentioned. Whenever this occurred, the king made the sign of the cross before himself; and as Reprobus had not yet heard anything about our Saviour and the cross, it astonished him above all things; and he asked, "Why dost thou make these strokes in the air? The king answered—"Dost thou not know that I make the sign of the cross as often as I hear the devil's name mentioned, that he may have no power over me? For the cross, which is a sign of that death which Christ our Saviour suffered for us, is the best succour we have against the ascendency of the devil." "Oh!" said Reprobus; "then the devil is mightier than thou; him will I serve."

He then set out again on his way, and asked all whom he met where the devil was to be found, but no one could tell him; for they all thought that the devil must be far away from them. It then happened that he once lost himself in a desert, in the night time, and knew neither the way backward nor forward. As he stood undecided, a great number of horsemen appeared suddenly before him, and amongst them was a terrible, great figure, who rode up to him, and asked him in a haughty manner what he sought there. Reprobus answered that he sought the devil, whom he would willingly serve. The black man said that he was the one he sought, and that he would try if he could make use of him.

Reprobus now remained with the devil, performed honourably and truly whatever the wicked one required of him, and rejoiced in his heart that he now served a master who was mightier than any other in the whole world.

On one of their expeditions they came to

a cross by the way-side. At sight of this the devil directly rode back, and made a great circuit in order to pass it. Reprobus remarked it, and said, "Why dost thou make so hasty a circuit?" But the evil one hurried on over stock and stone, still trembling over his whole body, until he at length had left the cross far behind, when he was obliged to confess that he was afraid beyond measure of the Saviour's sign, and therefore took to flight whenever he saw it.

Now it was all over between him and Reprobus, who left him with these words:—"Dost thou flee from Christ's sign, devil? then he is mightier than thou art, and I will no longer serve thee, but will seek out Christ."

Therefore he went out again into the wide world, and asked all he came to about Christ—great and small, rich and poor, scribes and laymen, but in vain. All thought they could inform him aright, but wherever he came he could not find the Lord Christ whom he had

gone out to seek. Yet he was not tired, but sought for him with so much the more zeal.

One morning, as Reprobus was in the midst of a thick forest, he met with a hermit near his cell. He entered into conversation with him, and told him his errand. The hermit looked at him with bright eyes, and said, "Certainly the Lord Christ is the greatest king in the whole world, and thou wilt do well, my son, if thou goest into his service; he also gives his friends the richest rewards, nor is he so difficult to find. Every one who in his heart longs sincerely for him he will not hide himself from."

The hermit now began to instruct his guest in the doctrines of Christ, at which he was highly astonished, and became more and more disposed to give himself up entirely to the service of Christ, and in all simplicity he said so to the pious man.

The hermit then said: "The world's king, who is of the Holy Ghost, bestows His grace

alone on the pure and just. Therefore thou must continually watch and pray, and humble thyself with a pure heart; for only thus canst thou serve Him aright, and fulfil His holy will." But Reprobus stood up and cried in a gruff and embittered tone, "On no account will I do this; and he shall not live who can say that I serve any one by watching and praying, and humbling myself."

At these words the old man became greatly terrified. He went into his cell and meditated long; at length he said to the giant, "At some distance from here there is a deep and rapid stream, over which there is no bridge. Thou art strong and tall; go thither, and bear those over for God's sake who beg of thee to do it, and thou wilt do a work right pleasing to the Lord."

Reprobus was willing to serve the Lord in this manner. He built himself a hut by the stream, and took the trunk of a young tree for his staff. With this in his hand, he bore all

wayfarers over, without craving reward or thanks, and was always ready to help, both day and night. So he thought that however it might be, he should at last, sooner or later, come to speak with the Lord Christ.

After a long time had thus passed, he had lain down one evening, tired and weary, when he was suddenly awakened by a childish voice calling him by name. He arose, took his staff, and went out, but could not find the child who had called him. He lay down again, but had scarcely closed his eyes before he again heard the same voice call him by name. He again went out in the dark night, but found no one, and it was not before the third time that it called on him that he observed a child standing by the bank of the stream, who begged him to carry him over.

Reprobus stooped down, and took the child up in his arms, and without saying a word, he went, staff in hand, into the water. The air was still, the sky clear, and the small waves

rolled gently over the surface of the stream; but scarcely had Reprobus taken ten paces forward before the water was put strangely in motion; great waves began to roll, and rose swelling round about: the further he advanced the wilder and higher did the waves rise up; at the same time the child became as heavy as lead, and the higher the water rose, the child became continually heavier. The powerful giant was almost pressed down under his burden, and it seemed as if the water would rise above his head. Thus he reached the middle of the stream; and as he stood still there, and drew his breath deeply, he said to the child, "Boy! what a heavy burden thou seemest to me. It is as if I bore the whole world on my shoulders."

The child looked at him with a strange look, and answered: "Thou hast said it. Thou *dost* bear the whole world on thy shoulders. See, I am Jesus Christ, thy Master and thy God, whom thou seekest, and for whom thou

dost work. Thy service is pleasing in my sight, and my kingdom shall hereafter be extended by thee."

Whilst the child spake the waters sank down in their bed, and the waves became smoother, and played gently under the giant's breast. But the child took hold of the giant's head, bent it down under the water, and baptized him in the name of the Holy Trinity, saying, "From this time thou shalt be called Christophorus, that is, 'He who bore Christ;' and it shall be to thee a sign, that thou shalt plant this thy staff in the earth, and on the morrow it shall flower and bear fruit."

The child then disappeared; but as it had said, so it happened. The staff grew up a fresh green tree, with beautiful flowers and fruit; and Christopher, who had now found Christ, became the true and obedient disciple of his doctrines, devoting his great strength to the future service of his Master. His faith was strong as his arm, and his heart was filled

with joy and love to Christ. He travelled far and wide in many lands, and extended the kingdom of Christ by prayer and preaching. At last he came to a place where the Christians were severely persecuted for their faith's sake. There the Lord gave him a short pain and a lasting glory; for he suffered death as a holy martyr, with joy and dauntless courage, and passed into eternal salvation. Hereto help Thou us all, dear Lord God, for Thy only-begotten Son's sake. Amen.

CHAPTER VI.

MORNING—BAUMANN'S CAVE—THE ANTIQUARY—BLANKENBURG.

It was about half-past two when I was called up to see the sun rise; most of the visitors were already out of doors, wrapped up in cloaks and mantles. With handkerchiefs round their heads, there stood a motley group of persons from widely different places, all with one thought—"The sun is now rising."

It appeared as if we stood on an island, for the clouds lay below us, as far as we could see, like a huge swelling ocean that had suddenly ceased to move. No red streak, as in the morning, showed in the blue heavens above; the sun rose without its rays, like a large ball of blood,

and not until it was above the horizon did its clear light stream forth over the sea of clouds.

Our old schoolmaster stood with clasped hands, and said not a word for a long time, but smiled with satisfaction. At length he exclaimed, "I wish I had mother and the children here; yes, and old Anne, (their servant girl,) it would please her to her heart's content; here is place enough for them all together. I always think of that when I see anything really fine. Here, now, is a good place for so many good friends, were they but here, so they also might have good of it."

As the sun rose higher the light clouds began to evaporate—the ether, as it were, absorbed them, whilst the wind drove the heavier clouds down between the mountains, which now rose like islands in the great sea of clouds. Everything soon became clearer and clearer; we saw towns and church-towers, fields and meadows—all appeared like the most charming miniature landscapes round about. So fine a morning

there had not been that year on the Brocken. We could see Magdeburg, with its towers, quite distinctly, also Halberstad and Qvedlingburg, the towers of the high cathedral at Erfurt, the mountain palaces—die Gleichen, and Wilhelms Höhe, near Cassel—besides a throng of lesser places and villages round about.

I clambered up to the so-called witches' altar, and the "Teufel's Canzel," ten feet in height, drank of the ice-cold water which streams from the witches' well, gathered a Brocken bouquet, which the girl fixed in my cap, and bade farewell to my new acquaintances, particularly to the good old schoolmaster, who seemed so well pleased with the whole company here, that he begged me and them to write in his scrap-book, that he might show them at home all the names of the kind good persons he had lived with here. We almost all wrote in it: mine was the only Danish name,—and then we parted.

I had joined a family from Hamburg. The

guide went on before, the caravan followed step for step, and the little ass which bore the baggage closed the troop. We had each of us got a green branch in our hands, with which we drove our slow-paced Pegasus, who now and then seemed disposed to make himself too comfortable. Sometimes the road led through the thick forest, sometimes by the edge of the rock, when we saw the lesser mountains, far below, with their dark pines: they appeared like hills, where some one had planted potatoes, which raised their low green tops in the air. The strange light veil that lay over the whole scene beneath us looked as if it were a large green glass, through which one saw the whole magnificent scenery. The mist stood as if pressed together in a cloud between the narrow rocky walls; one could not see the objects below it, and yet it lay so light and airy that the eye felt it must be fine as the air itself.

The birds began to sing, the dew lay in clear drops on the flowers, and the sun shone on the

great and glorious landscape before us. How beautiful the world is! What endless grandeur, from the smallest flower with its fragrance, to my heart with its flaming thoughts, and again from that to the great globe, with its glorious mountains and the swelling seas!

What cares the heart about what the flower dreams, whilst it expands its odours so sweetly powerful in the morning dew?—there is something far greater, something far more important, that sets it in motion. What cares the world about the longings of a single heart, and the flower's fragrance?—mightier passions, the combats and destruction of a whole people, revolutions in nature, and the life of man, are its dreams and thoughts.

At Elbingerode, a little mountain town, I bade farewell to my fellow-travellers.

The naked rocks soon rose on both sides of a narrow path that wound along by the small river. I was in Rübeland, a name derived from "Rauberland," because, in olden times,

there stood a robber's castle here on one of the cliffs, which has now almost entirely disappeared, the moat and part of the walls alone remaining.

On the other side of Rübeland—a village so called—a little mountain-path led up to the recess in the rock, where one enters Baumann's cave. Here I found two other travellers; each of us got a lighted lamp, the guide went on before, and we entered this petrified world of fancy.

The entrance was through an aperture that looked as if the foxes had dug it: we could not walk erect. It was as if we had entered the ruins of an old castle's cellar, where the walls had half fallen down. The water-drops fell with a monotonous plashing: otherwise, all was still as death. We descended the wet paths, as well as we could, lamp in hand. Round about, above, and below us, it was pitchy dark; the lamp-light showed us only the narrow paths, which seemed as if they

would never end. The strange uncertainty of not knowing how deep it was below us, made it far more terrible than it really was. If we only held fast; only took care to step to the right side, first with the left, and then with the right leg; and if only the ladder did not break—or else we might break our necks—there was no danger: this was the continued assurance given us by our guide.

How unilateral men are, in fact, in the full signification of the word! We see daily the greatest precipices above us, and for a circumference of miles around us, but none of these causes us any anxiety; on the other hand, the far less precipice, when it goes downward, causes us to be giddy. Downward!—that is a side of which we all stand in dread; and yet we must all go downward—there we first find peace and rest.

From cavern to cavern, we descended deeper and deeper; it was sometimes so low and narrow that we were obliged to go singly,

in a stooping position, under the over-hanging masses of limestone: sometimes it was so high and wide, that the light of our lamps would not reach the side walls.

We were shown six different divisions; but, besides these, there was a vast number of lesser caverns, all of which have not been explored: they probably are connected with Biel's cave, and even extend deep under the Hartz.

These deep, dark abysses yawned round about, and the most singular stalactites hung around in clusters; yet they did not all resemble the objects which the guide informed us they did. I think I possess some imagination, but I could not, nevertheless, agree with him. There were, besides, thousands of things he did not point out, in which there was far more significance. An organ, the canopy of a throne, and a banner, which the dropping stones had shaped into these forms, were the three figures that most resembled those

objects; but I will not say anything against this powerful fancy of nature. Everything that one particularly admires here, is but an imitation of what shows itself more perfectly in nature. The original stalactites, to which one does not find anything similar, I should also imagine are interesting; they appeared to me as significant hieroglyphics, that held the key to the greatest secrets of nature.

A well of clear water bubbled forth at our feet; we drank of the pure crystal. One of the travellers found the bone of an animal, which he regarded with much attention, and then assured us that it must certainly be the remains of an ancient animal. I had nothing to object to this supposition, for it looked very much like the bone of a cow; and cows are an old race.

The cavern has received its name from its discoverer. A miner, named Baumann, was the first who visited it in 1670, to look for ore; he found nothing, and prepared, therefore,

to return, but could not find the outlet. Two days and nights he crept about, before he discovered it; but he was then so exhausted in mind and body, so affected by anxiety and hunger, that he died shortly afterwards, yet not before he had informed his friends of the strange and wonderful structure of the interior of the cavern.

The fate and feelings of the unfortunate miner, Baumann, made such an impression on me here, in this labyrinth of caverns and gulfs, that my heart beat faster; I felt what he must have felt, here, alone, given up to terror and death by hunger. Only when I saw the clear daylight, and the blue sky, did I again feel myself well, and amongst the living. It was as if I had awakened from a horrible dream, and as if all the strange, deformed, terrifying images, lay petrified behind me: the sun again shone into my eyes and heart.

The antiquary whose acquaintance I had made in the cavern, determined on going to

Qvedlingburg the same evening; and as his way lay over Blankenburg, we became travelling companions. He knew a path across the fields that would spare us a couple of miles circuit; we, therefore, climbed up the cliff, which here was only so high that it projected over a mill that lay beneath, and where the water rushed over the large wheel. He was a very good-natured man, whose life's happiness hung on an old coin. He took his cow-bone out every moment, and assured me that it must have been that of one of the Huns. No landscape, he confessed to me, had that smiling, that spiritual beauty in it, which was to be discerned in such an antiquity. He asked me if we also collected antique remains in Denmark? I was obliged to tell him what I knew; and when I began to speak about our barrows,*

* The barrows, or tumuli, are still numerous in many parts of Denmark, though many have been dug up, and explored by members of "The Society for the Preservation of Northern Antiquities." Rich treasures have often been found, all of which are in the museum, which contains

and sacrificial altars, whereof one sees none in Germany, he began to feel a real respect for my country, and regarded me as happy in living in this *saga* land. At last, he *would* have me with him to Qvedlingburg, to see the palace, the old churches, and all the many curiosities there.

Only think!—there was still one of the six jars in which Christ had changed the water into wine at the marriage in Cana; a piece of the finger of John, with which he had pointed at Christ; a bottle of Mary the mother of Christ's own

a very rich collection, consisting of many thousands of objects worthy the attention of the archæologist. By a decree of the State, it is ordered that all relics of antiquity found in digging, ploughing, or otherwise, shall be sent to "The Museum of Northern Antiquities," the finders receiving the full value of the articles found,—be they coins, gold or silver ornaments, arms, dresses, or other relics;—and this order has in almost every instance been complied with, so that the national collection has been considerably enriched, and continues to augment every year. The museum is in Copenhagen, in one of the wings of the palace of Christiansborg, and is open to the public three days in the week during the year. (Translator.)

milk; earth from Golgotha; a piece of Our Saviour's cross, &c. &c.; and what was particularly remarkable, the comb that Heinrich the bird-catcher had used to comb his beard with. Yet all these well authenticated (?) relics did not tempt me—my longing was for majestic nature.

I arrived at Blankenburg, and asked at the gate of the city for the names of the best inns; they mentioned, amongst others, "Der Weisse Adler," (the White Eagle,) and I chose that, because the eagle was Jupiter's and Napoleon's bird; an inviting sign, but which the innkeeper had scarcely thought of when he had it painted over his door. I got a room with a very picturesque prospect. Directly opposite, I had for neighbours two students, with red Greek caps and Scotch dressing-gowns. Large folios lay on the table, and the persons themselves lolled out of the window, with their long pipes, whilst the old castle of Blankenburg, built on a mountain, rose high above the roofs of the houses, which lay like a foreground to this fine theatrical decoration.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RUINS OF REGENSTEIN—THE TAILOR'S WIFE—ROSZ-TRAPPE—A TOUR TO ALEXIS BATHS.

At four o'clock in the morning we were again on foot; our Brocken-bouquets still sat quite fresh in our "mützer" (caps), a female guide was in waiting for us, and thus we, six *studiosi*, set off from the town to the ruins of the old mountain castle of Regenstein, situated close to Blankenburg. The fields were covered with dew—it was the powerful sunlight that caused the eyes of the flowers and grass to fill with water. We passed through an avenue of cherry-trees, hopped over the wet field, and each sung his own song. The birds took example by us, so that the whole neighbourhood resounded

with the songs of students and the warbling of birds.

We now ascended the cliff, the topmost part of which forms the ruins of the castle of Regenstein; the walls have disappeared, but all that is hewed out in the rock itself stands like a mighty gigantic mummy, and tells of olden times, though it cannot speak a word. It had such an imposing appearance, it was so great, that I was not myself rightly aware of it before the pencil moved in my hand, and traced the colossal image off in my note-book. I became a draughtsman without ever having had an hour's instruction in the art. The fields lay far below, like beds in a kitchen-garden; the farmer behind his plough was like a snail in his shell, creeping along the ground. The church, which is hollowed in the rock, will remain firm for centuries, though it is only a large cave without form. The chambers, where there had been dormitories, are only recesses in the rock, where the large masses of stone project above the

head; we threw stones into the deep well, and had almost left the place ere we heard that they had reached the bottom.

"If the stones here could speak," said I, "what would they not be able to tell us about all that has happened from the time when 'Heinrich the bird-catcher' founded the castle, until I came from Denmark and saw its ruins; then we might be able to contribute to Wallenstein's history, and to the Thirty Years' War; then we should certainly hear fine stories about the Seven Years' War, and I might get an idea for one or other chivalric poem."

As I said this, the flowers round about nodded their large heads, and looked so proud and stupid as they did so! just as if they would say,—"Yes, you are right!—if we were to speak, we could then tell you something!"—And yet they knew nothing; they were all of that year's growth,—all shot up with their stems that same spring.

We took our seats on the topmost point of

the rock, which forms the ceiling of the church, and looked out into the wide world, well pleased with all around us. Beneath us masses had been chanted centuries ago, and the lamps burnt around the Madonna's sainted image; here we now sat like profane birds, but yet without thinking there was anything wrong in it; and sung opera songs, and made witticisms, as well as we could. I was obliged to tell about Denmark and the sea,—the sea, which that glorious mountain-land here knows nothing of: but how shall one describe the sea to those who have never seen it? I knew nothing better to liken it to than the great blue sky: if one could stretch it out over the flat fields to the boundaries of the horizon, it would then be a sea. It appeared as if they understood this picture.

It seemed as though I imbibed, with eye and thought, the wide prospect from the ruins of the old mountain castle. I looked down into the abyss, and shut my eyes when I had done so, as if to try whether I had conceived the whole

depth; but when I again opened my eyes and looked down, it was far deeper than I had represented to myself; the extent on all sides round about was far greater than the moment's memory could embrace.

I went through the whole picture that thought had drawn, and then compared it with the reality. Towns and hamlets then rose round about in the vast extent; mountains with their woods, Blankenburg with its castle; and even the small biped and quadruped figures far below us then came forth more strongly. Regenstein itself, with its narrow chambers, its broken walls, and stairs that only led from the free air up into the same element, got, as a picture by itself, its own place in my memory's pantheon. Every ruin stands, however, as a bodily, gigantic epos, that carries us ages back, to other men and other customs; the higher the grass grows in the knight's hall, the slower the river glides over the fallen columns, and so much the greater poesy does the heart find

in this stone epos. The time will come when the ruin will quite disappear, even the last trace of Regenstein's hewed rocks will moulder away and fall down; but then the legend about the place will still live, as the remembrance of many a work of the ancients that has entirely disappeared, still endures.

We bade adieu to the old castle, and turned down a little path between the cliffs, overgrown with brushwood, which brought us back to Blankenburg; whence we, part of the way, followed the main road, planted on each side with yellow roses, then in bloom.

Our female guide, with whom we shared our breakfast, became garrulous, and now told us about her domestic happiness and misery. Her husband cultivated the art of man-making—or, in other words, the profession of a tailor; but he was born to something higher than the board on which he sat. Two years before our coming, there had been an execution in the neighbourhood; it had awakened his slumbering

abilities: he had become a poet, had written the murderer's whole life and death in mournful verse, which was penned as if it were the criminal himself who sang it during his last night, and was set to the air of, "A bridal wreath we bind for thee." — "However, he gained four dollars by that," said the woman, "and last year two, for some verses over a midwife who was drowned in a horse-pond. Verse-making brings in more than the needle, but it has made him so unreasonable, and so fond of tears! Now there is nothing more to write about, and he does not care to use the needle; so that it would look bad enough, if I didn't gain something by showing travellers about. There," she exclaimed, interrupting herself as she pointed over the fields to the left, — "there lies '*The Devil's Wall*,' which he built at the time when he and our Lord disputed about the mastery of the world."

There, sure enough, rose by the side of us that strangely-formed mountain-ridge which

looks like the ruins of an immense entrenchment, and extends to a considerable distance. But the eye can follow it. The legend says that Satan was not satisfied with having got the mastery over half the earth, but that he renewed the dispute, for which reason he lost it entirely, and his proud barrier was hurled down: others relate, that it was erected by the wicked spirits, as a wall against Christ's doctrines, that they should not be extended farther; but the stones were compelled to break before the living word.

As I further questioned the tailor's wife, if it were not possible to learn the noble art of versifying, she informed me in confidence that her husband had an old German psalm-book, out of which he took many pieces, and all of the best rhyme; therefore all his songs had something spiritual in them, which made them so affecting.

We now left the high road, and passed over fields and meadows into the green leafy woods. I have never heard so many nightingales as

here. The sun was high in the heavens, yet they did not seem to observe it within the thick bushes. God knows how it is people say about this bird's song, that there is desire and complaint in it; no, it is anything but that; the nightingale has quite the Italian manner; its note consists mostly of trills, and runs with the voice; it does not complain at all; it sings its proud bravura airs in fullest strains. There is something far deeper and more solemn in the song of the thrush: it whistles for us a northern ballad, simple, but touching; when it sits, in the morning hour, on the moss-grown cairn at home, in Denmark.

A wider prospect soon opened to our view; the beautiful Thale-dale lay before us with its wide extent:—we should now ascend the mountains, and therefore rested first to gather strength. It was "Berg auf" (up the mountain); we were quite exhausted, whilst two white butterflies, that followed us the whole way up in a fluttering circular dance, seemed to mock us

weak children of men. Arrived at the top, we took leave of our female guide, and got a male guide instead, who lived up here. He took his pistol; and after having tasted his "birchen-wasser," which effervesces like champagne, we followed him to the so-called Rosztrappe,* the wildest, the most romantic point in the whole Hartz.

The high rocks go perpendicularly down into the deep abyss. We look upon a great and glorious mountain scene, where rock rises upon rock with gloomy pine forests; and in the deep, by looking into which one becomes giddy, there rushes the river Bode. We saw a crowd of travellers below, but they appeared like flowers in a garden-bed. The bridge over the river was a plaything that seemed formed of a single willow branch. Our guide fired his pistol, and its echo resounded like the loudest thunder. We were shown a deep indentation in the rock, which had the appearance of a colossal horse-

* The Horse-stairs.

shoe, and from which the place takes its name.

The little boy who accompanied the guide drank some of the rain-water that had collected there, from the hollow of his hand, whilst fancy showed him, perhaps clearer than us, the legend about the fugitive princess, the beautiful Emma of Reisengebirge. In time he will succeed his father in his office as guide, and also quietly relate how there—many thousand years since—lived giants and wizards here, who tore up the ancient oaks on the mountains, and used them as clubs with which they murdered women and children. He will tell about the great Bodo, who loved the beautiful Emma, and pursued her hither, where she made her horse spring over; but then he will not, as now, himself see that great glorious picture with childish fancy's colours. He now sees her with the heavy gold crown and fluttering dress, flying with her horse from mountain to mountain, from rock to rock, through valley and forest,

and the wild Bodo behind,—the fire-sparks fly from the stony rocks and shine round about in the valleys. Now she is here by the precipice; she sees the deep before her, where the river rushes frothing on over fragments of rock, and yet the opposite point of rock appears more distant from her than this immense depth. She hears Bodo's horse behind, and in dread desperation she calls on the Eternal to protect her, strikes the sharp spurs into the sides of her steed, who sets his foot so firmly on the rock that its impress stands for centuries. With one spring she bounds over the deep abyss—and is saved;—the golden crown alone falls from her head into the deep whirling stream, where the wild Bodo follows, and lies crushed on the flinty cliffs.

All these dreams of fancy will vanish: the little boy will also, like the father, stand quietly and fire his pistol off, and perhaps calculate how great his receipts may be to-day from the travellers. Dreams are, however, flowers; there

are good and bad! Flowers must decay, but there will come new ones from the old stem! The princess with the golden crown and flying horse will also hurry past the new throng of children; they will also look with fixed eyes, as the little boy now does, into the river Bode, and think they see the yellow gold shining through the water, once so great and deep, that a diver went down before the assembled people and found the golden crown, which he raised so high, that they saw the points above the surface. It was large and heavy; twice it fell from his hands; they shouted to him that he should once more descend to the bottom, and he did so. A stream of blood shot up through the water:—they never saw him or the golden crown more.

'Here I left the merry students, and went further on into the great and beautiful world. Close under the cliff lay Blechhutterne, which I must pass, consequently I required no guide. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs when

they saw me half way down, as a farewell token: it was strange to receive their "live well" thus, certainly the last in this life,—for how should we all be again assembled in this world? There lies something very interesting in this: to meet, to know, and then to part for ever!

I was soon under Rosztrappe: the river Bode rushed on before me over the great stones, and on the other side the highway ran past the red-roofed houses; but I saw no bridge. Over I must go, but how? I ran along by the river-side, but as far as I could see on both sides there was no passage over, except by wading, or springing from stone to stone. I chose the latter, but got no farther than the middle of the river, where the current foamed on both sides of the large stone block on which I stood.

When I reached Blechhutterne, and approached the inn, I thought that a hostile army had taken up their quarters there; there was as much noise as if the chairs and tables had

all been thrown down and broken. I entered the large room, and found that the whole invading host consisted of—four students from Jena. They were in complete sporting dresses, and had each a green oak-wreath around his head, with hair hanging down in long locks over the white embroidered shirt collar. They sang most lustily, and drummed on the table with the bottles, so that the glasses and plates danced again. They appeared very good-natured, and made a pause in their musical exercise as I entered. We soon got into conversation together; they had resolved upon making a journey to the Brocken, and had wandered on foot from Jena.

When they heard that I was a Dane, and a student, they put many questions to me: they asked me if we had no "Burschenschaften," and what colour I bore; and when I assured them that we knew nothing of the kind, they showed me their caps, and told me that they bore Sand's colour. Did I know Sand?—and their eyes

sparkled as they told me what a brave and glorious man he had been. They were children when he was executed, but they remembered him well, and recollected when his head fell under the sword of the executioner.

Their ideas about Denmark were, however, very imperfect. Thus, they thought that the lower classes alone spoke the Danish language, and that French was the language of the court and the well-informed classes of the community.

When I mentioned the name of Oehlenschlæger, they asked me if we had any of his works translated. I answered that we had them in the original; and they were not a little astonished to hear that he was a Dane, that he lived in Denmark, and wrote there. I had to describe to them his appearance, to tell them about him and his works; and when they heard that I was personally acquainted with the poet, and that he was at that time in Germany, they looked quite kindly on me; and when we separated, one of them presented me his oak-wreath,

which he took off his head and set on my cap, probably for Oehlenschlæger's sake.

My way was now to Gernrode; but if a travelling female harpist had not taken the peaceful wanderer under her guidance, I should have lost my way in the green forest. I asked her if she were not from Reisengebirge, but she was from another part, and not at all related to Lafontaine. When she had brought me into the right road, she sat down on a stone under a large hazel-bush, and played a piece for me into the bargain; and then we parted, she with her harp on her back, and I with the harp in my heart, both with the intention of singing for the world.

Woods and meadows varied the scene: I saw the ruins of an old castle through the trees, and above the high bushes in which it lay embosomed; it looked very frail, and yet it was a great ornament on account of its decayed state. It was as if Ossian meant this place when he sang, "The thistle shook there its lonely head:

the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head." It was the last remains of the castle of Lauenborg.

Gernrode is a little quiet village. I saw scarcely a soul in the street, but the window of a small house stood open, and I heard a female voice sing prettily of love. I listened, and as the invisible one did not appear, I took the oak-wreath from my cap—which the students had placed there—and, after having taken off one of the leaves, I laid it by her door as "thanks for the song," and wandered out of the place.

The road went up the steep side of a mountain: the clayey, yellow earth contrasted strongly with the violet-blue sky. Some old women and ragged children came down the mountain with burdens of sticks they had gathered in the forest. I sat down and wrote in my note-book; a bee hummed in a flower close by me; and thus all the figures in that picture were occupied.

As I approached Magdesprung, the sun went

down; it was quite twilight on the way between the sides of the mountains, but the light fell so much the stronger on the tops of the trees, which cast long, dark shadows. I here overtook two schoolboys whom I had seen on the Brocken. One was from Berlin, and the other from Magdeburg; they had during the vacation fluttered about the wide world and enjoyed the romantic scenery.

We also met a trooper on the high road, who looked as if he had just sprung forth alive from some robber story; but he did nothing to us, as he found we were so strong a body!—nor did we do anything to him, so that politeness was preserved.

We soon saw the black iron cross on the cliff above us, whence, as the legend says, a young girl threw herself when her princely lover pursued her; yet she did not meet her death here, for God caused the wind to bear her gently down where the wild brambles grow between the rocks. Whether the place takes its name, Mâgde-

sprung,* from this legend or not, I cannot say. Ottomar tells us that two giant girls played here on the steep ridge of the mountain; the one hopped over the great abyss where the road now passes, but the other thought that such a jump required some consideration: she tarried awhile, but then made the spring, so that there was the impress of her foot in the stone she stood on. A peasant, ploughing in the valley, saw it, and laughed at the great lady; when she took him up in her apron, together with his oxen and plough, and carried him home with her to the mountain.

It is not alone the immense masses of rock with their forests, which exceed the range of vision, the tall bushes that bend over the foaming river, nor the dead stone masses of a half-ruined building, that make a country romantic; it is when the place has, by this its particular character, one or other legend connected with it, that the whole gets its perfect magic light,

* The Maiden's leap.

which raises it in the mind's eye. The dead masses then become animated; it is no longer an empty decoration; there is action. Every leaf, every flower then stands as a speaking bird, and the well as a singing fountain, which strikes its eternally murmuring chords to the spirit's melodrama.

The country round about became doubly beautiful to me on account of its legend; there was likewise life and motion on the road. We met some charcoal-burners with dark, characteristic faces, and peasant girls who looked like milk and blood. The river Silke rushed noisily past; it certainly related what we saw so well that the whole was very agreeable.

We soon heard the noise of the numerous workshops. We ascended to that remarkable iron obelisk, which the Duke of Brunswick erected, in 1812, to his deceased father's memory. It is entirely of iron, and is said to be the highest in all Germany. We wrote our names on it with pencil, as many others had done before us.

"To become immortal," is a thought which, even in the most childish, shines forth from the poor human breast!

The rain and snow will soon obliterate these pencil marks of immortality, and a new race will write their names instead, till the obelisk itself be obliterated by time. Thus we also seek, through life's pilgrimage, to write our names on the world's great obelisk, where the one name must make way for the other, until this great writing-slate itself goes to rubbish. God knows what name will stand as the last! Probably the architect's, who raised it to his own honour, and the improvement of the whole.

No guests had yet arrived at Alexis bath, as they generally make their first appearance in the warm summer months. The well here was in a temple-formed building, into which one descended by a flight of broad stairs. There sat a young girl with her clay pitcher—she was Rachel at the well; and the man who

handed us the water was what we in Denmark call a long Laban. The schoolboys and I stood like thirsty camels, tired with the day's heat and wandering, so that we altogether formed a complete biblical picture.

CHAPTER VIII.

PICTURES ON WANDERING TO EISLEBEN—MARTIN LUTHER.

To be in a strange haste with everything, is, in reality, my chief characteristic! The more interesting a book is, the more do I hasten to read it through, that I may at once get the whole impression of it; even in my travels it is not that which is present that pleases me; I hasten after something new, in order to come to something else. Every night when I lie down to rest, I hanker after the next day, wish that it was here, and, when it comes, it is still a distant future that occupies me. Death itself has in it something interesting to me—some-

thing glorious, because a new world will then be opened to me. What can it in reality be that my uneasy self hastens after?

Fresh with life, and glorious, stood Nature's vernal green around us, and breathed gladness and quiet, whilst there lay, as it were, a dark veil over my heart; yet, thought I, why envy the fresh variegated flowers? Let them exhale their perfume, they will in a few months be withered: the well that now bubbles so merrily, passes away into the sea; and the sea itself, that swells so in its greatness, will evaporate. Let the sun play with his hot beams; he also,—the heavens,—will grow old as a raiment, when my heart, which now melts with sadness over its own dreams, will exult in its ascending flight towards infinity!

This morning I had no quiet in my mind. I left Hartzgerode,—one picture made way for the other. One of them will certainly appear very insignificant to many, and yet

it stands just as lively before me as the view from the Brocken and Rosztrappe—nay almost more so—and it was about four miles* from this latter place.

At Klaus, a little hamlet which consists of, I believe, three or four houses, I went into the inn,—one of the three or four. Everything here was exceedingly picturesque, but yet quite of the Dutch school, so much so that I would rather have wished to see it on the canvass. A young kitten rolled itself about before my legs; two cock chickens were fighting on the floor; and the servant girl,—who was very pretty, dressed in full peasant's costume, and full of ruddy health,—reached me a glass of milk with supreme indifference, as though she were performing an act of charity; and then heeded me so little, that she stepped up to the glass and made her toilet, loosened her long hair, and let it fall down over her

* The distances are here given in English miles. (Translator.)

shoulders and back. I see this picture still, and wish that you, dear reader, could see it too, for it was not so bad!

I went on for one, two, three hours, without meeting a soul. Sometimes the road was as broad as ten others; sometimes so narrow that only one waggon could go along it. I began to be quite bewildered, and therefore asked two respectable-looking beeches, that seemed to look like fellow-countrymen, about the way, but they only shook their tops, and knew nothing about it.

The path led me to a little village, where, on a great open space before a house, there was dancing and merriment. The dancers were young half-grown girls, who waltzed with each other to the tones of a violin, played by an old bow-legged Orpheus. The mothers, and all the oldest women of the place, sat on benches round about, their hands resting on their laps, and looking at the dancers without noticing the stranger who stood close by.

The eldest there, with a little black cap on her grey hair, thought perhaps of her blooming youth, when she also jumped about to the violin under the blue sky. Now these springs were past—yes, the best dancer probably died long ago, and sleeps under the cool grass turf.

But picture after picture tires; even the child becomes wearied of turning over the most varied picture-book, therefore we will not for the present look at more, although the next was extremely interesting. I should like to describe the picturesque town of Leimbach, which lay close by in the valley, almost enveloped in smoke, and hid behind the high banks of black dross. I should like to show the steep ravine which almost went precipitously down towards the church tower, yet where, however, a large carrier's waggon with four horses was toiling slowly upwards; but, as I have said, it might be tedious. This time I will relate my story quite in the common way,

that the reader and I may both rest ourselves.

"Leimbach is an open middling town with about 700 inhabitants, smelting furnaces, silver refiners, town-hall, &c. &c."

We will take the next place in the same way—it is very convenient! "Mansfeldt, half a mile from Leimbach, has above 1600 inhabitants and an inn: '*zum Braunen Hirsch,*' (the Brown Stag.)"

Now I have rested! I know not if the reader has. We are, however, near Eisleben.

Here, the high green hills between,
The little town arises proud,
The sun now casts his brightest sheen
Athwart yon brown-tinged summer cloud;
It shines upon the lofty spire,
While the bells ring clear and strong,
And in the street, in best attire,
The people stand, a silent throng.
The monks with song, and flag unfurl'd,
March through the town with solemn pace;
Stern censors of their little world!
Is't fast or festival they grace?

See yonder men on prancing steeds,
The Bishop and the Duke are they;
Famed far and near for noble deeds,
And they're the townsmen's guests to-day.
On the ramparts, there they throng,
By the gate, a motley crowd
Of men and women, old and young,
Who stand, or sit, or talk aloud.
See, a miner quiet stands,
With his wife, the crowd among;
Their little boy holds by their hands,
His flaxen hair is fine and long.
In mute surprise to see their lord,
His eyes are fixed, with childish stare;
The Bishop's robe, and Prince's sword,
Please him most of all things there.
The boy stands bound, as by a spell,
His thoughts now hither, thither flee.
Those who beyond the mountain dwell,
Here have come, this sight to see.

Here, the high green hills between,
The little town arises proud;
The sun now casts his brightest sheen,
Athwart yon brown-tinged summer cloud;
It shines upon the lofty spire;
But all is silent now, and drear,
No Bishop, Duke, nor lordly Squire,
Makes his stately entry here.
How strangely doth the fancy grant
Images that woo belief!

What here do I or others want?—
Is't to see the princely chief?
The Bishop's robe, and Prince's sword,
In rot and rust have pass'd away;
And we who journey'd hitherward,
See but a desert place to-day.
Narrow is the little street,
'Tis silent, as if all were dead!
Here, where trod the miner's feet,
His little son was born and bred.
Duke and Bishop are forgot,
The ramparts are a heap of clay;
Yet everything around this spot
Recalls to mind that glorious day.

The town had in it something extremely pleasing. A little boy played outside the old church, and drew figures on the large stones; perhaps they were also Luther's writing-slates, when he played here. The town-hall has an angular, gloomy appearance, like the age in which he lived; it was probably the same in his time, as now. The house where he was born has, on the contrary, undergone great changes since then. It is now used as a school. On a window of painted glass, stand Luther

and Melancthon; and over the door, around an illuminated bas-relief, with Luther's portrait, we read—

" Gottes werck es Luthers Lehr,
Darum weyht ſie nimmer mehr!" *

There stood an old peasant, with his wife, in the street; he spelt the verse for her, and I could see on their faces what a mass of deep and glorious poesy there was for them in every word, for their looks cleared up surprisingly; and when he uttered the last word, it was as if he had spoken the revelation of an angel, and they believed it.

" Luther!" says Jean Paul, " thou resemblest the fall of the Rhine! How mightily dost thou storm and thunder! But as the rainbow hovers immovably on its stream, so rests also the bow of grace, peace with God and man, in thy breast: thou shakest only thy earth, but not thy heaven!"

* These are what Luther taught—God's works and word,
Therefore his doctrine lives, as doth the Lord.

This is poetically fine; but yet there lay something in the tone and the expression with which the old man said to his wife, of Luther, "*That was a man!*"—something far greater, more just and sublime. I believe that Jean Paul himself would have said the same thing if he had heard the old man.

Luther!—"*that was a man!*"—therefore he broke the yoke of popedom, and therefore he sang—

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang!" *

Therefore he threw the inkstand at the head of the Prince of Darkness; for, as a German poet (I think it is Börne) says: "Writing-ink and printing-ink are the best weapons to use against the Devil; they will in time chase him entirely from the world."

He who loves not wine, women, and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

CHAPTER IX.

A JOURNEY THROUGH HALLE AND MERSEBURG TO LEIPSIC—THE BLIND MOTHER—ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH—GELLERT'S GRAVE—AUERBACH CELLAR.

It was midnight when I rolled out of old Eisleben—in the Saxon, "Eilwagen"—(the quick post). The first green vine hills greeted me with the rising sun. The postilion played one fine piece after another. We passed two large lakes, and the green mountains and the red clouds were reflected on their quiet surface. There stood, also, an old baronial castle, with angles and towers, high walls, and ditches. Here was a glorious echo: we halted for a moment; the postilion blew his horn, and the mountains re-echoed almost the

whole piece. I have never heard so many tones repeated by an echo, nor shall I ever forget that beautiful morning; but then it is set to music in my memory's picture-gallery. The postilion and the echo gave to the whole neighbourhood a higher sense of beauty, whereby it is probable that the learned city of Halle afterwards lost in my estimation—it appeared to me so narrow, so uncomfortable. The river Saale was a dirty yellow water; and the streets—some, at least—I think, were not paved.

The road to Merseburg was planted with cherry-trees; the town itself is dark and narrow, like Halle, but yet worth a visit, on account of its old gothic cathedral.

They told me a popular tradition here—quite a history *à la* "*Gazza Ladra.*" A bishop had caused an innocent servant of his to be executed; but as he afterwards discovered that a favourite raven was the thief, he became melancholy, had the bird imprisoned in an

iron cage, and exposed to mockery and abuse. Nay, he even invested a sum of money, that the Council of Merseburg should for ever be in possession of a raven, and that it should be taught to cry out the servant's name, "Jacob." So that, as soon as a raven dies, it happens, as it does on the death of a pope—a council is immediately convened, and another chosen.

I was told, though I could not find it, that such a poor innocent bird was then sitting imprisoned, and cried, "Jacob," without dreaming why it had free board and lodging, and, perhaps, without being related to the episcopal thief to whose infamous memory the legacy was founded.

We now left the town of Merseburg for the German library, Leipsic. The country round about looked quite Danish: here was still a woody district, afterwards everything was lost in an immense plain, which human blood has terribly immortalized.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

"The drum is beating, they are near!—
The banners whistle in the breeze."
"Mother, 'tis the wind that here
Rushes through the forest trees."
"Hear'st thou not the horses' tread?
The waggons follow close each other."
"The road it passes through this mead;
They're travellers thou hear'st, my mother!"

"Silence, child,—they near our post!
'Tis not the trees i'the wind that mourn.
Seest thou not th' imperial host?
Thy father's pennon's proudly borne.
No, 'tis not the night's harsh blast,
Nor stranger men that travel; for
On his steed, before his host,
There rides the mighty Emperor!

"Before my eyes 'tis dark and dreary,
But yet I know him in the gloom;
Child, I feel myself so weary,—
Fold my old hands for the tomb!
The banner whistles in the breeze,
Mildly thy father beckons now;
Oh, set me, child, by yonder trees,
For death, I feel, is on my brow!"

It was a strange feeling that seized me, as I drove over the great, the immeasurable plain of Leipsic, where every village is so

remarkable in the history of the wars. Here Napoleon had been—here that great General had thought and felt. The corn waved luxuriantly over the immense battle-field;—no wound heals so easily as that of Nature's. One spring alone is sufficient to adorn the oldest ruins with flowers and verdure.

Some labourers were making a new road: I saw human bones and bullets found in digging. There sat an old man under a tree, with a wooden leg; he had certainly seen a little more here than the corn that now waved before him,—heard a louder song than that which the birds warbled on the branches above him:—he was now resting here, with his pipe in his mouth, and thinking of old times.

Leipsic itself made an agreeable impression on me; it is a large and pleasant city. There are two or three booksellers in every street; everywhere were to be seen bookcases filled with volumes; and, in the large bright glass windows, engravings and pictures innumerable. Students,

with long pipes in their mouths, and books under their arms, were to be seen running about in the streets; some had their original German costume—large white trowsers, short frock coats, and long locks hanging down over their white collars.

I visited the church of St. Nicholas, where there are some paintings by Oeser. They showed us an old pulpit, in a little closet here, in which Luther is said to have preached; I stood on my toes to reach as high, that I might lay my hands where he had laid his.

From the old church, I wandered out of the town, to Gellert's grave. A flat, plain stone, with his name and the year of his death, lay above it. By the side was planted a rose-tree, and round about stood a low paling, where the many who had visited the poet's grave had written and cut their names; I followed the example, and wrote mine.

Round about were many finer ornamented

tombs, which certainly contained persons of far greater distinction than Gellert, but no strange hand had written its memorial there: even the iron-railed chapels around looked merely as a wall that served to enclose the simple poet's grave. Here the poet was the greatest; by his death, this place had acquired an interest. The Duke of Weimar has determined that Goethe's and Schiller's bodies shall stand in the royal chapel, on each side of his; thus, a man may have a rainbow over him, when his body stands between the sun and the foaming cataract.

The other fresh graves were strangely ornamented: besides flowers and wreaths, they had placed on them oranges and lemons, some of which were cut in pieces. Long ribands, with gold and silver fringes, fluttered about, so that, when all this finery was a little old, it made an ugly appearance. Verses were, in general, printed on the ribands, some *home-made*, some chosen from the works of

celebrated poets; thus, I found on one, Holty's:—

" Heute hüpft im Frühlings-Tanz,
Noch der frohe Knabe,
Morgen weht der Todtenkranz
Schon auf seinem Grabe! " *

I think that a grave, ornamented with a single wreath, is pretty and significant. The carpenter sets his wreath, with ribands and gilt papers, on the roof of the house, when the whole building is erected;* why should we not, then, like him, also place a wreath here? the grave is the roof over our earthly life's building, and when it is first smoothed by the sexton, the mansion is perfect.

As I wandered through the streets, alone, in the evening, to find the Hôtel de Bavière,

* " To-day the boy, so blithe and brave,
Gambols in childish glee;
To-morrow o'er his silent grave
The waving death-wreath see!"

† Such is the custom in Denmark, when the workmen generally pass the evening in the new house, with music, dance, and song. (Translator.)

I lost my way in this strange town, and lighted upon the "Auerbacher-Keller," which is remarkable from its connexion with Dr. Faust, who, as the legend states, flew out of a window here, riding on a wine-cask. I went down, that I might say I had been in that famous room, where this event is said to have taken place. It was very small, and had but one window, through which Faust rode. The whole story was painted on the canvass of the walls, only it is a pity the figures were so dark and indistinct.

Here sat three old fellows in a deep dispute; I think it was about the impossibility of a triangle being, in fact, half a square: it appeared as if they would fly much further, with the fumes of the wine, than out of the window. At last, they began to sing like Frosch and Brander in Goethe's "Faust," "*Es var eine Ratt' in Kellernest!*"—that is, they did not precisely sing this, but the situation was the same; so that I every moment peeped towards the

door, to see if Mephistopheles were not coming with the Doctor.

I went to Reichenbach's garden, to see the place where Poniatowsky found a watery grave in the river Elster. The owner, a rich merchant, takes payment from those who wish to see the place.

Here, between these high trees, rushed the wounded hero, pursued by superior numbers. It is almost incredible that any one could drown in this insignificant narrow water! A weeping willow was planted on the spot whence he sprang with his horse; and a few paces further, where they had found his body, stood a small plain column, which was covered with names, paticularly those of his countrymen.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEPARTURE—MEISSEN—THE FIRST DAY IN DRESDEN—DAHL AND TIECK.

After a stay of three days I left the friendly city of Leipsic, where I had made acquaintance with several excellent men.

We passed the hunting palace of Hubertsburg, with its large gardens, in the gloom of evening. Mengs' pencil, it is said, attracts many to the palace-chapel. We had no time, nor did we want pictures; for one gave place to the other when we looked through the open window of the carriage. Here was an inn, with travellers: the ostler stood in the doorway with his large lantern; this was a night-scene, a style which Rembrandt is said to have

done justice to. Here we saw a swampy meadow in the morning light; a few wild ducks splashed amongst the green rushes—a style Ruysdael has imitated. Here lay a hamlet, with a half broken-down wall; in the foreground, under a large tree, sat a couple of young folks, and kissed each other—that was a style I myself would like to imitate.

As we approached Meissen the country assumed a more romantic character. Rocks began to show themselves, and they had quite another appearance than those in the Hartz. They hung over our heads, in reddish-yellow masses, and were overgrown with young beeches; on the other side of the road lay the green vine hills, with their red-roofed houses; and below was the Elbe, winding in picturesque curves. Vessels were towed up the river with horses and men, whilst others rushed down the stream with swelling sail.

Meissen itself has narrow streets, and to me appeared an uncomfortable town: one must

manage with it, as with every other charming picture, not bring the eye too close to it, but regard the whole at a distance.

The cathedral is a fine, gothic building: the sun shone in through the high windows, and a little bird, that had come in, flapped and beat its wings against the panes to get out. It was the world of my own childhood that I saw! Childhood also is such a holy, gothic church, where the sun shines sweetly through the variegated panes, where every gloomy nook awakens a powerful feeling, and where the simplest images, from its light and legend, have a far deeper signification! Every-day life shows itself in childhood in its Sunday clothes; God and the world lie much nearer to each other, and yet the heart beats and flutters, like the little bird here in the church, after the new future without, where, perhaps, the hunter waits behind the bush to fire a shot through its wings.

The road from Meissen to Dresden is planted

with Egyptian thorn and pear trees; the fields are covered with cabbages and potatoes: it is a complete kitchen garden! Charming vine hills and leafy woods lie on both sides and behind. Meissen itself, which lies high, forms, with its palace and its gothic cathedral, the finest point in the whole picture. A stone bridge rises over the Elbe, below the town, where people drive and walk, without thinking, much less priding themselves, on the life they thereby give to the whole.

The farther we recede from here, the higher do the mountains become; and we soon see, as through a blueish veil, the German Florence. Dresden lies before us, with its high towers and cupolas.

When I reached Augustus-bridge, which I knew so well from engravings, it appeared to me as if I had, in a dream, been here once before. The Elbe poured its yellow waves under the proud arches; there were life and bustle on the river, but still more on the

bridge; carriages and horsemen went rapidly over it, and on both sides there was a great variety of foot-passengers. About the middle of the river, on one of the piers which form the single arches, stood a Christ on the cross, I think it is of bronze. We now came to Alstadt (the old city) or Dresden Proper; the Brühlian terraces, with their broad stairs, lay to the left, and the Catholic church, with its towers, to the right; and in the centre, the gate, through which we entered the city itself.

Dresden appeared to me to be the point of transition between North and South Germany, and it has also a mixed character of both; it was the last great city I should see in Germany towards the south, so that it was with a feeling of sadness that I entered this dear Dresden.

There was something in the city that at once attached me to it, and I felt myself at home directly. My first visit was to our cele-

brated landscape-painter, Dahl.* I had no letter of introduction to him, but, as a Dane, I was extremely welcome. How much interest did he not show, and how much sacrifice, of time did he not make, for me and his countrymen, who were there at the same time as myself! In the evening he was going with two Norwegians to visit Tieck, for the great poet was on that evening to read to a party of friends. Having a letter of introduction to him from Ingemann,† and having besides previously written to the poet, Dahl invited me to accompany him, but at the same time begged me not to waste my time with him then, but to go to the Catholic church, as on that day it was the festival of *Corpus Domini.*

* Dahl is a Norwegian, residing in Dresden, where he is Professor of Painting in the academy. (Translator.)

† Ingemann is a Danish author, who has acquired some celebrity as a poet, but more particularly as a novelist;— his writings are chiefly historical, of which the majority have been translated into German.—His "Waldemar Seier," and "Kong Erik og de Fredlose," have also been translated into English, by Miss Jane Frances Chapman. (Translator.)

I soon found the way over the Brühlian terraces, which were crowded with promenaders: it was beautiful to see the great Augustus bridge, with its throng of passengers, the Elbe, with its vessels, and the green vine-hills along it; but I had no time to stay.

Now I stood in the Catholic church. How vast and light! The music-choir resounded over my head; lights burnt on all the altars, and people knelt in the side chapels and the vast aisles. The royal family were present, and the king appeared to pray with much zeal. Three priests, in robes of gold tissue, stood by the altar; and as many boys in red mantles, with a short white surplice over, swung the incense car. There was a continual movement at the high altar, which disturbed the impression the whole ceremony would otherwise have made on me. The singing boys came and went with large lighted tapers, and the priests bowed every moment and rung their silver bells. The attendants of the church, in yellow clothes, with

large silver sticks in their hands, went up and down the aisles to keep order, and to take care that the goats were separated from the sheep. People came and went, but all passed in silence. I saw Bohemian women and girls, who had certainly been at market with their wares; they came into the church with their baskets or bundles, knelt down in the aisles, counted their beads, and then went away in the greatest haste. Men and women knelt in the chapels before the image of the Madonna, and in many a face I saw the most sincere piety and adoration. The sun shone through the windows, and united strangely with the gleam of the many lights, and the smoke of the fragrant incense; there was a something in the whole that, together with the flood of music, soon found its way to the heart.

At seven in the evening I went, with Dahl and the two young Norwegians, to visit the poet who stands next to Göethe in age, worth, and estimation amongst his countrymen—Ger-

many's Tieck. The room we were ushered into was not large. Here the family sat around the tea-table with a number of strangers, mostly foreigners. Dahl presented the two Norwegians and myself to him as his countrymen, and the poet gave us a hearty welcome.

What expression was there not in his look! I have never seen a more open face. The tone of his voice was so good-natured; and when one looked in his large clear eyes there was a feeling of confidence towards him. It was not the poet that I loved—the man himself now became dear to me! He was just as I had pictured him to myself when I read his "Elves;" but my dreams have so often proved false, that I sometimes could not help thinking, "In reality he is, perhaps, a stiff courtier," and this would have repulsed me quite. Such is, also, my conception of Göethe, and this overcame my desire to see that great poet, who, I imagine, rises in his full grandeur when one sees him, like the church towers, at a distance.

This is not the case with Tieck; if one has been with him for half an hour, one forgets the poet for the man.

Tieck is very fond of Holberg, whose works he has in an old German translation, from which he sometimes reads aloud to his friends, and that excellently. That evening I heard him read the second part of Shakspeare's "Henry the Fourth." He does not name the characters when reading, but he plays every part so well that one can tell directly who it is. The comic scenes, in particular, he gave in a masterly manner; and it was impossible to resist laughing at Falstaff and Dame Quickly.

When the party broke up in the evening, Tieck invited me to come and see him often during my stay in Dresden, and prepared me for the treat that was still remaining for me, with the Saxon Switzerland and the picture-gallery; this place was, however, unfortunately closed, as the paintings were being arranged

anew, but Dahl promised to take me next morning where the best things were already hung up. I bade Tieck good-night, Dahl put me on the right way homeward, and this was my first day in Dresden.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY—"DAS GRÜNE GEWÖLB"—THE ARMOURY—A TOUR TO SAXON SWITZERLAND—PILLNITZ—LOHMEN—OTTOWALDER GRUND—BASTEI—WOLF'S GORGE—HOHENSTEIN—KUHSTALL.

WITH Dahl, our Danish ambassador, and the two young Norwegians, I went to the picture-gallery. In some of the rooms the paintings lay on the floor, but in most of them they were already arranged and hung up. What a mass of works of art! One picture superseded the other; a few only remained in the memory.

What shall I say first about the great productions that made the deepest impression on me; yet, can there be a question? Raphael's "Madonna!" I hurried through the rooms in

search of this painting, and when I stood before it, it did not surprise me at all. It appeared to me as a friendly female face, but not more beautiful than many I had seen. Is this the world's far-famed picture? thought I, and wished to be surprised on seeing it, but it remained the same. It even appeared to me that several paintings of the Madonna, several female faces here in the gallery, were far prettier. I returned to them again, but then the veil fell from my eyes; they now appeared to me as painted human faces, for I had seen the divine one itself. I again stood before her, and then I first felt the endless truth and glory in this picture. There is nothing in it that strikes, nothing that blinds, but the more attentively one regards her and the infant Jesus, the more divine do they become. Such a superhuman child-like face, is not found in woman, and yet it is pure nature. It appeared to me as if every pious, innocent girl's face had some resemblance to this, but that this was

the ideal after which the others strove. Not love, but adoration, called forth that look. It now became intelligible to me how a rational Catholic can kneel to an image. It is not the colours on the canvass that he worships, it is the spirit, the divine spirit that reveals itself here in a corporeal form to the bodily eye, whilst the powerful tones of the organ peal above him and chase away the discords of the soul, so that there becomes harmony between the earthly and the eternal.

Time has paled the colours of the painting, but yet all the figures seem to live: the great halo of angels' heads behind develope themselves more and more, and in the look of the infant Jesus we see the whole grand expression comprised. Such a look, such a wise eye is not to be found in any child; and yet here it is natural childishness that seizes so powerfully on us. And then the angel children below;—they stand as a beautiful type of earthly innocence; the younger look forward in childish calmness,

whilst the elder raise their eyes to heavenly figures above them. This single picture would make the gallery famous, just as it has been sufficient to make its master immortal. There hung three masterpieces in this room; here was Correggio's "Night," a poetical idea charmingly conceived and executed. The light streams forth from Jesus and extends over all the other figures around. What struck me most was, a female figure holding her hand before her eyes, and turning partly away from the strong dazzling light. Most connoisseurs place this piece first amongst that great master's works, yet I prefer the "Saint Sebastian," which is in the same room. What a glorious group of angels! They hover down on the light clouds around the pious martyr with his quiet, inspired look. There was still another piece which I think I dare call the fourth of these divine animated paintings, "A Christ," by Carlo Dolce: greatness and suffering were blended together in that noble, resigned face.

I went from room to room, and saw that great collection of art, yet always returned to these four treasures—to Raphael's "Madonna," and Correggio's group of angels. Yet I still preserve the impression of the other glorious treasures, from my first visit to the gallery.

"The Day of Judgment," painted by Rubens, where he has introduced the portraits of his three wives, attracted me. Two are raising angels up to heaven, the third, on the contrary, is dragging the devil down into the deep. Rubens himself sits on his grave. No one appears to notice him: he is in deep thought; he is probably meditating where he is to go, and quietly awaits his destiny.

On a painting by Bassano, representing the Ark, it was comical to see that the swine was the first animal that was led in, and thus got the best place.

Tired in a spiritual sense with the enjoyment of all these glories, and bodily so from so long a stay, I left the gallery to visit it again.

What a change did not every day bring me, nay, every hour, in that dear city! What a mass of ideas and feelings did there not flow through me during the nine days I passed here! I roamed about from morning till evening, and every moment saw something new.

I was advised to see "das grüne Gewölb;" the guide procured me company, and we then proceeded to the palace. "Das grüne Gewölb," is a suite of rooms which are not at all green, and no one knew rightly whence they had got that name. There were many large tables of mosaic work, with flowers and fruit; full length portraits of the kings of Saxony, hung on the walls; there were cups and vessels of different kinds, of gold and silver, and a whole chamber full of playthings of pearls and precious stones.

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I saw Luther's ring, and whole cases full of gems and jewels, which lay here so dead and insignificant with all their lustre, that I almost began to be in despair on account of all this

wealth that in no way interested me. Had the walls not been covered with mirrors, so that I could, by way of change, see my own face, with all its tedium expressed therein, and thus amuse myself contentedly, it would have been bad indeed.

The armoury amused me much more than "das grüne Gewölb." Arms were piled on arms in the large chambers. Many a famed war-horse that had borne a royal prince on its back stood here carved out in wood, painted and caparisoned, with saddle and bridle; but although the man who showed us about often declared that it was a Danish horse which the figure represented, it affected me not a whit the more. Wax figures of kings and knights stood like enchanted yeomen round about by the doors, and stared at us with their dead eyes. There were whole closets filled with arrows and pistols: I saw a drum covered with human skin. There was the armour that Gustavus Adolphus had worn the day before he fell

at Lützen, and a saddle that Napoleon had ridden on, with many other things "too numerous to mention within the limits of a bill of entertainment," as the showman says.

The whole of that night I dreamt of nothing but swords and daggers, immense wax figures, and large wooden horses, so that I had no easy night of it.

I also longed to see Saxon Switzerland; the next day was, therefore, fixed for that excursion.

It was a beautiful morning! I went into the Catholic church—the tapers on the altar were lighted; and in one of the side chapels there was a group of sweet children, boys and girls, who sang with childish voices, whilst the sun shone in on the Madonna's image. I leaned against a pillar, whilst the song and the organ's tones pealed over me. A poor old man, clothed in rags, but with the deepest contrition in his dark rigid face, knelt, deeply dejected, in the aisle, as if he had not courage to approach the altar. It was sincere repentance that stood

painted in his features; he looked towards the ground and counted his beads: whilst the throng of children, piously innocent, sang their morning hymn, I, in my heart, also knelt before my God. It was to me as if the song and the organ's tones melted together in mighty pictures of life which glided past me. If, now, the whole be but a dream! thought I; if, now, I am really at home in Denmark, sleeping, and dreaming that I am in this foreign city between mountains;—dreaming these organ-tones and the children's pious song, whilst the poor beggar kneels by my side before the holy Mother! No, I did not dream it, and yet the heart dreamt,—it also dissolved itself in tones; for the heart is a world where the feelings—these warbling birds—build their nests, where love's light humming-bird sings, but sings only once, and then the heart becomes a Memnon's pillar, where the tones are always awakened by the song's strong morning light. In love was man created; love is our home, and therefore all

music becomes an echo, that awakens the remembrance of home! ——— I tore myself away from my dreams; my friends waited for me by the Elbe, where our gondola lay. The excursion to Saxon Switzerland was now to begin; the sail soon swelled in the breeze, and the rapid strokes of the oar cleft the watery mirror. My companions sang and laughed; I was compelled to laugh too, whilst the awakened remembrances of life in my heart were broken in jarring discords by this sudden transition from dreams to reality.

We passed several large boats filled with villagers—girls and women who had been to Dresden with milk: they lay in various groups, and shaded themselves from the sun whilst the wind gently touched the sail. The women's faces were quite of a yellow brown, the girls', on the contrary, red and white, with lively dark eyes; I thought of the naiads of the Danube, and imagined to myself these rustic beauties as the ruling spirits of the Elbe. I

looked into the large dark-blue eyes of one of the kindliest, and directly a whole dozen of songs and ballads came rushing into my head. The vine-hills assumed a fresher green; the pine-woods were somewhat more gloomy, and all the red-roofed buildings on the sides of the mountains stood before me as brownies who had lost their lives in the bright sunshine.

We landed at the palace of Pillnitz, the summer residence of the king of Saxony.

Here let us pause upon our way!
  There's not a better place to see.
By the mill here we will stay,
  Under this old linden-tree;
O'er the wheel the foaming water
  Rushes like the troubled main!
And there's the miller's pretty daughter
  Peeping through the window pane.
Innocence dwells on her brow,
  Faith's in her mildly-beaming eye!
She regards us closely now,
  And the smiling landscape nigh.
Stately rocks of grey and red
  Stretch the river's shores along,
The sun shines bright, the birds have sped
  O'er bush and brake, with merry song.

What a landscape! let us tarry,
Everything invites to gladness;
And yet I feel at heart so weary,
I must weep for very sadness.
Hark! the bird bewails its fate:
"My young ones they have from me torn,
And they have shot my tender mate,
And left me here bereft, forlorn."
Behold these rocks' majestic height!
And yet into the vale of late
One thunder'd down in hideous might,
And seal'd a hapless father's fate.
Brightly shines the morning sun,
With equal warmth, on all mankind;
His bright beams gladden every one,
The rich, the poor, the halt, the blind.
'Tis just as if the mill-wheel's rush
Sang as it roared with rapid whirl:
"Did I not an infant crush,
And in the treacherous water hurl?"
The girl herself——And yet to grieve
O'er woes unreal, sure is vain;
My fancy is too skill'd to weave
These horrors from a sickly brain.

In nature and the world there is no dissonance; the one dissolves itself in the other, and in our own breasts we must seek the last, which can only be dissolved by the great Master.

We passed by the high declivity of rock, and looked down into the valley which lay, like a mighty picture of my own heart, still and gloomy, with its foaming river, whilst the sun shone bright and warm over our heads, on the waving corn-fields and on the road where the children played and romped.

We descended the rocky path at Mühlsdorf, where there was a bridge over the river Wesenitz, and we were in Lohmen. In former times it had been a little city, and still enjoys the rights of many corporate towns; the castle stands on a projecting cliff, high above the river. The two principal buildings are united by a balcony, which is laid over a point of rock, whence one looks out over the charmingly romantic environs. There is an inscription in rhyme, on a tablet here, which states that, above sixty years since, a young countryman, who had laid himself down to sleep in the balcony, fell down; but although he fell from a

height of seventy-six feet, he, through God's help, escaped uninjured.

Not far from here is the church, said to be one of the handsomest village churches in all Saxony. There was something strikingly fine about it: a fresh grave had just been covered, and the white sand strewed on it, but the wind had torn the flowers from the grave. I gathered them together, made a wreath of them, and laid it on the grave again. A little bird twittered in a tree close by, as if it would thank me: it must have seen and known the silent sleeper that here rested his tired head in the cool earth.

From the resting-place of the dead we went to that of the living. The inn stood close by a pond, where there was a number of quacking ducks; we entered the guests' room—yes, here was something for a painter! A number of peasants sat in groups, and played cards;—oh! there were characteristic faces! The girl came down the high stairs which led from the

side-room into this, with a candle in her hand; the flame of the candle fell on her fresh young face as she cast a side glance on the strangers. Two women were playing the harp and singing; they seized the strings like a storm-wind, and sang with squeaking voices: "Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?"* so that we were all quite sad and melancholy by it. The supper was soon steaming on the table: it consisted of roasted ducks, which were quite remarkable for their age; the landlord stood in a fine, serious position, with folded arms, and looked at us and the ducks with a mien which indicated that neither the ducks nor we were to his taste. We went to rest,—but let us spring that night over! I had enough of it in reality. Nature and art had here played a trick; the first had made me too long, and the last—the bedstead—too short. In desperation I was obliged to play the part of a night wanderer, and descended into the large guests' room; but

* Oh heart, my heart, wherefore so sad?

here it looked too romantic!—Some wild looking fellows, with thick black beards, were slumbering round about on bundles of straw; an ugly black bull-dog, that looked like a worn-out hair trunk, sprang towards me with a howling war-song, so that, like a prudent general, I turned my back towards him. The rain poured down in torrents out of doors, and lashed the ground, as much as to say, "See, this was the way it came down at the deluge." The day began to break, but there was no hope of getting to the mountains. This was the first bad weather I had as yet had on my travels, and therefore I found it very interesting. It will be better in the course of the day, thought I; and scarcely had an hour passed before the rain abated. We took courage, and having got a little peasant boy, of about ten years old, as guide, we set out on our way, through Ottowalder Grund, and to Bastei, which place we were to ascend. I looked a little suspiciously at our small edition of a

guide, as he hopped on before us so merrily, with his hazel stick in his hand. He was barefooted, and laughed and chattered away without ceasing; and it almost appeared to me as if he had a trick in his head, as if he were the living Cupid who had become our guide. If he be not our seducer, thought I—and then many of that young rogue's tricks came into my head. "That little rascal who runs about with arrows," Wessel calls him; and it is, in truth, vexatious that such a little whelp has the right to shoot great, full grown persons. Yet it is said, that those who get each other soon draw the arrows out again, and then all love is gone; but the others keep the arrow in their hearts, and then it is often mortal.

We descended, step by step, deeper and deeper into the valley,—this was Ottowalder Grund. The rocky walls arose on both sides in the strangest forms, and richly grown with wild plants, roots, and various coloured mosses; the trees and bushes stood in picturesque groups

between the clefts of the rocks; far below rushed a little streamlet, and above us we saw but once a small piece of the grey sky.

The rocky walls were soon so close together that there was only space for one at a time three immense blocks of stone had fallen from above and formed a natural arch, under which we had to pass: here it was quite gloomy.

The vale suddenly became broader, and then narrow again. We entered "die Teufelskuche,"* —a wild cleft in the rock, where the masses of fallen blocks have formed a long chimney-like opening. I looked up through it; clouds hurried past, above us, and it looked as if some ghostly being was flying away in the open air.

We soon left the rocks behind, and a wide vale extended itself before us. The bluish white mist hung in light clouds around the mountains' tops, and the heavens and the earth seemed as if they would melt together in one great mass of rock. We continued our progress, and Nature's

* The devil's kitchen.

great panorama around us continually changed. Little Cupid knew his business; he would not lead us astray: one is apt to judge too severely of Love's propensities.

A fine large building lay before us: it was the inn on "Bastei;" (the bastion)—for here it is exceedingly high. Could you place a couple of church towers one on the other, and not be giddy by standing on the extreme point—you would then have some idea of its height. There is a railing, so that you cannot fall. That long, pale, yellow riband down there, which to your eye does not look broader than the kerb-stones in the street, is the river Elbe; that brown-yellow willow leaf which you think is floating on it, is a long river-vessel; you can also see the men on it, but they are only dots! Try to throw a stone into the Elbe—you must use your whole strength—yet it will fall here on this side, in the grass. The villages lie down there like playthings on a stall. Yonder Königstein and Lilienstein rise half way up into

the cloud of mists; but see, the cloud is breaking! the sun's rays fall on Pfaffenstein and "the Cupola mountains!" the whole curtain rolls up, and in the azure distance you see the Bohemian Rosenberge and Geisingbjerge in Erzgebirge. Close by us, towards the left, there are only wild rocks which rise from the abyss, and from the deep a walled pillar lifts itself, on which rests a bridge that unites "Bastei" with "das Felsenschloss." It is quite dark in the rocky ravine under us; our guide pointed out traces in the rock which show that men have lived here before. It looks as if this huge mass of rock had been riven asunder, —as if some mighty power had here tried to split our proud globe in two.

The road wound along the deep abyss; rocks and clefts succeeded each other alternately.

The whole scene was to me like a great lyrical, dramatic poem, in all possible metres. The rivulet brawled, in the choicest iambics, over the many stones that lay in the way; the rocks

stood as broad and proud as respective hexameters. The butterflies whispered sonnets to the flowers as they kissed their fragrant leaves, and all the singing birds warbled, in sapphic and alcaic strains.—I, on the contrary, was silent, and will also be so here.

We now bent our steps towards Hohnstein, but first made a little detour in order to see that strange freak of nature — "Teufelsbrücke," (the devil's bridge). The devil really has taste. Every place that bears his name, or alludes to him, has in it something piquant: the most romantic places are those which they have placed in connexion with him. As I have said, he has taste, and that is one good quality.

Teufelsbrücke is just as if thrown over a ravine between two perpendicular cliffs; the rock is split from its topmost summit down to the green meadow, but the whole extent of the opening is not more than three or four yards in breadth. At a few paces from it there is a similar cleft, but the chasm is a

strange zigzag, and forms a sort of passage. This place has obtained a peculiar interest from the poet Kind having laid the incantation scene in "Der Freischutz" here.

From the topmost verge of the cliff we descend through this cleft into the valley. One can only go singly, the rocks being so near each other: sometimes we scramble down a ladder, sometimes we find ourselves nearly wedged in the rock itself, and at the very bottom we stand in a narrow cavern, where there is not room for more than three or four persons.

"Help, Zamiel!" we shouted, when we were about half-way down; for it appeared to be a fathomless pit. Every time we rounded a piece of rock which we thought concealed the entrance, there still lay a deeper abyss below us.

By way of Hohnstein and Schandau we now pursued our course through the free and open country. A broad carriage-road by the shore of

a small river between the green forests, led us into a wild rocky region. The ladies were now carried up the path in a sort of sedan chair, we others carried ourselves; and thus we reached about the same time the end of this day's tour. A lofty, arched, rocky hall lay before us; it was Kuhstall.* At first sight it appears as if it had been built by human hands; but when we approached nearer to this proud mass, we felt that Nature alone can erect such a gigantic building. The inhabitants of the environs are said to have sought a refuge here in the Thirty Years' war; here they had a great number of their cattle, whence the place has derived its name.

It began to rain, but we sat high and dry, as seamen say, under the huge portal, whilst a rainbow extended its glorious arch over the forest, and between the opposite rocks. I cannot remember ever having seen such bright colours, or such a splendid rainbow; it

* Cow-stall.

was not alone in the air that it showed itself;—no; it passed down the side of the rocky wall, and rounded itself far below us on the top of the dark pine-forest, forming a complete circle. An old man in a worn-out grey frock-coat, sat on a stone block at the entrance of the hall, and played to us; several strings of his harp were broken; discord followed discord; but when one looked at the old man, whose life certainly must have resembled his harp-playing, there was harmony again in the whole.

A narrow road, like a cavern through the rock, led us to a third side of this rocky portal. Bare stone walls rose on both sides; we were obliged to go up ladders and stairs to get to the summit of the cliff. The first cavern is called "das Wochenbett,"* because unhappy mothers brought their children into the world here, in the time of the war.

The path wound close by the deep abyss; we passed over a small bridge, and came to

* Child-bed.

another group of rocks. Here a pair of large shears was painted on the rock; the place is called "Schneiderloch,"* and is said to have been a place of refuge for a band of robbers, whose leader had learnt the trade of tailoring, but afterwards found pleasure in ripping up men instead of old coats. In order to get in and out of this cavern we were obliged to crawl on hands and feet; there was something really frightful in it to see one after the other creep out of that deep hole, so far above two yawning abysses. Here was, however, a splendid echo which repeated our words six or seven times. Close by is "Pfaffenloch,"† an aperture through which a priest was cast down, during the times of religious persecution. I looked down into its depth, but it was perfect night there, whilst the sky above us was red with the setting sun. Before we descended we were obliged to creep on hands and feet

* Tailor's-hole. † Priest's hole.

through "die krümme Caroline,"* a very winding hole, that led us back to the path in the cliffs. I have never seen such a number of names in any place as here in Kuhstall—not even in the Directory are there so many! The whole rocky hall, inside and outside, on every spot, was a variegated picture of names alone: some were even carved in the stone, and then tarred, and burnt in afterwards—so that this kind of immortality must have cost no little trouble.

* Crooked Caroline.

CHAPTER XII.

A TOUR INTO BOHEMIA—THE RETURN OVER PIRNA—SONNENSTEIN—MY LAST DAYS IN DRESDEN.

We were all on foot again by early dawn. The birds warbled merrily, but they had most assuredly slept better than we had—at least, they had had the bed they were accustomed to. The misty clouds hung like sleep in Nature's eyes, so that the good lady did not look so very well pleased. At length the sun burst through the veil; but I was quite tired of the eternal pine-forests, which, even in the best light, appeared to me cold and stiff. Our way was now in a continued zigzag upwards, and over pieces of basalt rock; thus we reached "Kleine Winterberg."* Here the Elector Augustus of Saxony, in 1558, is said to have

* The little winter-mountain.

pursued a powerful stag to the very verge of the precipice. The Elector stood on the narrow path under the rock, the animal above him, pursued by the dogs; the stag was about to spring down on him, when it must have hurled him into the abyss below. There was but one chance of escape; he took aim at the animal, fired, and was successful. His son afterwards erected a hunting-lodge on that spot: it is still standing, and the roof is ornamented with the antlers of this same stag.

After a somewhat fatiguing walk, we came to the end of the pine-forest, and stood amongst beautiful green beeches; round about were numerous springs, which bubbled forth from the luxuriant soil; a few paces further, and we stood 1780 feet above the level of the sea. What an infinity stretched around us! Far below, in the wood-grown abyss, was the Elbe, winding its way like a riband, which lost itself near Dresden, whose towers and cupolas rose before the blue mountains of Meissen. Yet it

was grandest towards Bohemia. I had never imagined that the mountains could assume such a dark blue tinge—they lay before me like a petrified sea, and in the distant horizon rose Reisengeberge, with their snow-clad summits, like an airy cloud-land, where one could see to Colmberg, although there are twenty-four German miles between. Heavy clouds passed along the mountains' sides; a part lay quite in shadow, whilst another rose in the clear sunshine.

The sun shone also into my heart, whilst heavy clouds sailed over this inner world. There is something powerfully touching in thus surveying a great tract of land as with a bird's eye. How many a heart is there not beating with desire or joy, far below in the valley! how many a scalding tear is there not shed on the proud mountains that lift their heads above the clouds! Could one but read the heart of that stranger who sits here amongst the heather, what an idyl or an epos should we not find

there! he looks down on the charming landscape beneath the wild rocks, and on the waving clouds that sometimes conceal, then divide, and disclose this paradise of peace.

Aloft on the mountain, where the clouds ride,
While the dark pines groan on its rocky side,
Where the well bubbles forth beneath the stone,
I sat alone;
The rock is an island unto me,
And the clouds pass by, like the waves of the sea
Now the heavy masses break,
And the sun shines, as on a glassy lake;
I see below me the green mead,
Where my steps were wont to tread—
There, where the birds are singing clear,
And the nuts have the tint of the falling year;
Where the blue-white smoke-clouds ride,
And whirl about the mountain side;
Then did I find a home, and one—
My heart and soul were hers alone.
She loved me—she was constant ever,
But Fate compelled us twain to sever.
She was a bride,—— below they dwell,
Where the old oaks shade the lonely dell;
Where the smoke-clouds hang, and their tops conceal:
She her thoughts must not reveal.
Thou must not think of me,
Yet this heart dreams but of thee!

In my pain I heap sin on sin,
While my heart thou dwellest in.
—Thou sea of clouds, more thickly spread, and prove
A veil to hide from me my grave of hope and love!

A single melody we have heard but once, often makes so powerful an impression on our minds that it seems to sound in our ears again, amidst the bustle of the world, without our being able to sing it aloud, however clearly it swims into our memory. It is even so with me also, with regard to the beautiful in nature. This piece of music, brought forth in colours, with light and shade, I learned during a few hours' wandering in the Bohemian mountains. There was, perhaps, also something in this circumstance—that here was the most southern part of the continent that I had fixed on seeing during my peregrination, and accordingly that hence I must bend my steps again towards the north. The whole of that charming landscape, seen in the brightest sunshine, lives in my remembrance; I see every point,

and, like old melodies, it often sounds in my mind, without my having the power to express it in tones and song. I see the large plain in the forest with the felled pines, where they told us that we had now passed the frontiers; I see the sun-burnt Bohemian girl, with the white linen head-dress and bare feet, whom we met in the dark pine forest; and now that wild group of rocks, "Prebischthor," where we stood under the proud rocky arch which the mighty spirit of nature had so grandly raised above our heads. I see the far-extended forests deep below us, and the distant mountains, with their snows, illumined by the bright rays of the sun. "Only down into that valley, and then no further!" thought I; and yet a still more beautiful valley discloses itself to view beyond yonder mountains, where one can see the frontiers of Tyrol, where one already breathes the air of Italy on the high mountains. Only down into that valley, and then homeward—homeward towards the north, perhaps

never to return—never more to see these mountains, with their gloomy forests, aloft in the light blue clouds.

We ran down the steep mountain declivity, where the path wound round in large curves: through "die heiligen Hallen,"* a romantic rocky group under the mountain, we came to the broad highway in the forest. Bohemian peasants drove past us; large strong-built oxen drew the waggons; the forest resounded with the woodman's axe, several of whom we passed, as, with their lively songs and tra-la-las, they kept time to the strokes of the axe. The Bohemians have an innate bent for music; almost every peasant plays the violin or flute. This alone makes me love the people; for whoever loves music, must have an open and good heart. Musical sounds form, however, that Iris which unites heaven with earth. Colour, tone, and thought, are, in fact, the trinity of nature. The earthly expresses

* The holy hall.

itself in the power of different colours; and these again reveal themselves spiritually in the mighty tones, which again hold the key of the heart's deepest recess. It is melody alone that has sufficient strength to solve the deep enigmas of thought often awakened in our souls.

We went past a pleasant little house, with red-painted wood-work and vines growing up the walls: there sat a little sun-burnt boy, with silvery-white hair, practising on an old violin. Perhaps that little fellow will one day be a great virtuoso, astonish the world with his playing, be admired and honoured, whilst a secret worm gnaws all the green leaves off his life's tree.

The forest now receded more and more; the road lay between wild rocks; a small river contributed to vary the whole scene; water-mill succeeded water-mill, where large planks and stones were sawn through; in several places we only found a narrow board, without

any railing, that served as a bridge over the river. At length we entered the Bohemian frontier-town Hirniskretschen.

Every thing around me had quite a new character. The whole bore a strange and peculiar stamp. I still see so clearly, under the yellow-grey cliffs, with their greenwood sides, the neat red-painted houses, with their wooden balconies, high stairs, and palisades, and with a picture of Christ or the Madonna over the door, which, however badly it was painted, nevertheless gave the whole a touch of interest. I still see the many women, the lively girls and boys, who stood with naked feet by the river side, and dragged to land with long poles the large pieces of wood that floated down the stream. I see the tawny old woman by the open window, who greeted us in the name of Joseph and Mary. I see that strange parti-coloured picture, with the fresh garland of flowers there, in the centre of the market-place, where an old peasant kneels and says his "Ave Maria," and

where the pretty young girls go past, curtsey low, and make the sign of the cross.

It was the image of St. Nepomuck, the Bohemians' tutelary saint, that I saw here. It was strange to think that I was now in a land where I was regarded as a heretic. The Catholic church in Dresden, with its music and its ceremonies, did not draw me so near the Papal chair, however, as this picture of a saint in the open air, and the old woman's Catholic greeting.

We walked some distance along the shores of the Elbe, where we met with some Austrian soldiers, who kept guard on their frontiers. Three Bohemian watermen waited for us with a sailing-boat, to conduct us back again to Saxony. The wind blew and filled the sails; wood-covered mountains rose on both sides; we passed several large vessels with timber and planks from the interior of Bohemia. Close by the shores of the Elbe we saw a large stone-quarry, which has a particular

interest for Danes, as the stones used in the building of Christiansborg Palace (in Copenhagen) were brought from this place. Not far from hence, over the path along by the Elbe, there stands a rock which, at a distance, forms a striking likeness of the bust of Louis XVI., and is called after him. There was the whole expression of the face, and the large peruke hung round the gigantic head; if one got close under the rock, then the whole was indistinct, and one saw only the wild rocks one above the other, with green bushes in the deep clefts.

We landed at Schandau, that we might be in Dresden the same evening; but we had still another rocky group to visit, the well-known Lilienstein. The stately cliffs rose perpendicularly; we stood at their feet, under the ancient linden-trees, which also afforded shade to Frederick II. A number of footpaths intersected each other here; sometimes we sank down in the deep sand; sometimes we had to

ascend almost perpendicularly up steps that were hewn in the rock. A little wooden bridge lay across a yawning gulf; the path curved more and more; at length we stood on the topmost point, which is a large flat surface, almost the circumference of the whole rock, and grown with pines and firs. Here is a most charming prospect over Schandau and to the Bohemian mountains. The river Elbe, far below, wound its way between the sunlit meadows; and on the other side lay the hamlet of Königstein, under the noble rocks on which the fortress itself is situated.

A little path along one side of the Elbe, under the lofty rocks, leads down towards Pirna and the palace of Lounenstein, an institution for insane persons.

A strange feeling must seize every one that pays a visit within these walls, which enclose a world within themselves, a world that is warped out of its natural career, where the green germ of life either withers, or developes itself in

a spiritual deformity. Imagination, this life's best cherub, that conjures up an Eden for us in the sandy desert, that lifts us in its strong arms over the deepest abyss, over the highest mountain, into God's glorious heaven, is here a frightful chimera, whose Medusa-head petrifies reason and thoughts, and breathes a magic circle around the unfortunate victim, who is then lost to the world.

Seest thou that little square room, with the iron-grated window up there? There, on the floor, in the middle of the straw, sits a naked man with a black beard, and with a wreath of straw around his head—that is his crown; a withered thistle he found in the straw is his sceptre. He strikes at the flies that buzz about him; for he is a king, he is a despot; the flies are his subjects; he says they have rebelled, they will have his head, they have forced their way in to him, but he cannot tell how; yet they storm in, but they cannot tear his head off his shoulders.

A woman approaches us; she has been pretty, but pain has contorted her features. "I am Tasso's Leonora; Heine has sung about me! —Ha! there are many poets who have sung my charms, and that can flatter a woman's heart finely!—It is my triumph; there was likewise one, but he could not celebrate me in song, and so he shot himself through the heart, and that was quite as good as a song. Now the whole world is mad for love of me, and, therefore, I have come to this foreign palace; but now they have all become mad here from looking at me; but I can do nothing for them;—I cannot help it!"

Look at that open window, there sits a pale young man; he leans his head on his arm, and looks out at the red evening sky and the ships, which, with outstretched sails, glide up the Elbe. Our approach does not disturb his meditation; he regards his whole existence as a dream, recalls to mind a happier time in which he has lived, and regards us and the whole scene before him as visionary dreams.

Here is one who has a monomania: he believes he can hear the pulsations of every beating heart, that he can hear it burst its strings in death—in his ears they burst with the wildest tones, so that he becomes furious. He is then bound fast in a chair which is whirled round by means of a wheel. With a wild scream he rushes round until consciousness leaves him, when the wheel is stopped.

But away with these frightful pictures!—the carriage is already waiting, and in a few hours we shall be again in Dresden.

I had only three days to remain here, and there were many things yet to be seen, many that I wished to see again. Those pictures hurried past my mind like clouds in a stormy night; every hour brought with it something interesting to me. I revisited the picture-gallery, saw the works of the great masters once more, and imprinted the glorious subjects in my mind. I then heard mass in the Catholic church, and once more ascended, and took leave

of the mountains in "Plauenscher Grund,"—a romantic landscape close to Dresden, which reminded me of Rübeland, although it is far richer in variety than the latter. The way lay between steep cliffs: there was a river which formed a waterfall, and close by lay a mill. Charcoal-burners drove into the forest, and up on the declivity of the rock there sat a little boy watching goats: there was not a painting in the whole picture-gallery at Dresden where the figures could be better placed than these were here. A refreshing quiet lay over the charming landscape; it was as if rocks, forests, and flowers, dreamt of a more southern sky, whilst the river bubbled on between the stones, and sang a loud, somniferous lullaby to the whole scene around. Dresden itself lay pleasantly embosomed between the green vine-hills; the whole landscape was a picture of childish peace, of the innocent heart's romantic dreams.

Many prefer Tharand to Plauenscher Grund;

others, the latter to the former: I know not which party I shall join; both had in them something peculiar, something that made one feel oneself comfortable here. Plauenscher Grund, with its winding road under the cliffs, where there is life and bustle, appeared to me more lively, and seems to show a more manly character; whilst Tharand, with its ruin, its smooth lake, and its deep solitude, has in it something more passive, something more feminine.

The old schoolmaster came into my mind, and I said with him, "Here is room enough,—many persons might here profit by all this grandeur!" but how few are they who see all the beautiful things with which God has adorned our earth! In reality there is but little difference between man and the dog, which, chained to his kennel, is only able to make a few springs on his usual place of exercise.

That Dresden can display its character as a point of transition between northern and

southern Germany, I had a perfect idea of, the last forenoon I stayed here. It was as cold as winter. The rain poured down, and everything assumed a dark northern aspect. Porters ran through the streets with sedan-chairs, where the ladies peeped out from behind the red curtains. The Elbe looked like thick yellow coffee. Only a few showed themselves in the streets.

Later in the day it was again clear weather, and warm as in summer; crowds of persons were again seen moving about on the Brühlian terraces, where the trees, refreshed by the rain, now gave a pleasant scent. Music sounded up there, and gondolas, boats, and ships, crossed each other on the Elbe.

The last morning in Dresden now greeted me. I must go out once more to hear the glorious tones under the vaulted roof of the church, to see once more the green vine-hills in the morning light. The day was fine; the whole country by the Elbe lay in the most

glorious sunshine—it appeared to me as if everything had put on its Sunday clothes, to say adieu to me! but on this account I felt it the more. There was no mass that day in the Catholic church; the organ alone played its simple melodies; but they were the farewell songs, the last deep tones that I should probably hear in Dresden during my life. I saw an old priest, in one of the confessionals, with a venerable face; a young girl was kneeling on the other side of the grating at confession. I also wished for a father, a friend, to whom I could pour out the feelings that rushed into my heart on taking leave of a dear, yet foreign spot, which was no longer alien to the heart.

I now went to take leave of Dahl, who gave me some drawings and a sketch in oil, that I might be able to say I had something he had painted. "Next summer," said he, "I shall certainly visit Denmark, and see all friends and acquaintances;" he then shook hands with me as a "live-well!" saying, "That is in Danish;

and that," added he, as he kissed me on the cheek, "is in German!"

I could not just now bid farewell to Tieck. I was obliged to walk about in the open air until the parti-coloured pictures round about again began to reflect themselves in the heart and mind; for these worldly pictures are like the sea in a storm, no star can be reflected there; but when one sees the green coasts, and the every-day life's red-roofed houses show themselves on the surface, then it is quiet again.

Tieck received me in his study, and looked so heartily in my face with his large wise eyes, that I made myself strong again, for I felt a lately suppressed sadness creeping over me with renewed power. He showed much kindness towards me, praised what things he knew of mine, and as I had no album with me, he wrote on a loose sheet of paper the following lines in remembrance of himself:—

"Gedenken Sie auch in der Ferne meiner; wandeln Sie wolgemüth und heiter auf dem Wege der Poesie fort,

den Sie ſo ſchön und muthig betreten haben. Verlieren Sie nicht den Muth, wenn nüchterne Kritik Sie ärgern will. Grüſſen Sie uns bald einmal friſch geſund und reichbegabt von den Muſen nach Deutſchland zurück.

Ihr wahrer Freund

Ludwig Tieck.*

Dreſden, d. 10 de Junius, 1831.

I bade him farewell. No stranger saw us, and therefore I feared not to give vent to my feelings. He pressed me to his bosom, predicted a fortunate career for me as a poet, and certainly thought that I was a far better man than I am. His kiss glowed on my brow: I know not what I felt, but I loved all mankind. "May I, if for only once, as a poet," thought

* "Remember me also at a distance: may you wander, elevated with joy, and happy in mind, on the path of poesy, which you have begun so fairly and courageously. Let not your spirits sink when degenerate criticism vexes you. Send us soon a greeting, healthy and richly gifted;—send a greeting from the Muses back to Germany.

"Your true friend,

"L. T."

"*Dresden, June* 10*th*, 1831."

I, "be able to present something to the world whereby I may show the great poet that he did not make a mistake in his estimation of the stranger!"

It was six o'clock in the evening when I left Dresden, by the "Schnelpost;" I now saw the Catholic church and the Brühlian terraces for the last time, as we hurried past.

Neustad also was soon left behind; fields and meadows stretched away on both sides. We were nine in the diligence, and I sat in the middle of that game of nine-pins; God knows, thought I, which of us Death will hit the first? All of us it will not be at once; but, perhaps, the corner pin. In the one corner sat a young Russian Woivod; he came from Paris, was going, by way of Dresden and Berlin, to Bremen, and would go from thence to Italy:—he did not like the shortest road! In another corner sat an Englishman, who praised Denmark, where he had been, very much; and said that it wanted nothing else but to belong to

England to be the first pearl in Europe's crown. In the third was a travelling comedian, but whence he came I know not; and in the fourth a young wool-merchant, with his still younger wife. They came from a town on the Rhine, and he was going to establish himself in Berlin: they had been married but fourteen days, and, therefore, they kissed each other continually, played with each other's hands, and made citations from "Don Carlos." Town followed town, whilst the whole country changed by degrees from a stout, healthy, blooming nature, to a personified consumption. Only a few pictures stand out clearly from that dreamy chaos. Thus, I see a flat country, in the dusky summer night, where there lay a market town—they called it Grosenhain; there was a church where all the doors and windows were walled up, so that the whole formed a hollow stone vault, where no one could enter, and we were told that this was done in the time of the plague: the sick were brought here, and when the last

closed his eyes, they stopped up the church entirely, and have since then not dared to open it again.

I see distinctly the fat hostess in Jüdeborg, with her significant smile at my ignorance, when I pointed to the figure of a knight carved in stone, which is placed outside the town-hall. Every child, she thought, knew "*der alte Mauritius;*" I was certainly the first who had put this singular question to her.

I see the far-famed mill near Sans-souci, which turned its large wings so slowly, as if it could no longer go round like other respectable mills, on account of its renown. Here, however, was a little verdure to relieve the eye,—aye, and a lake too; and light boats, with white sails, rocked about on the river Havel. Sans-souci stood proudly on its terraces, and stared at the stiff city of Potsdam.

It was already evening when we rolled into the streets of Berlin, which lay with their endless length before and on both sides of us. It

was imposing from its greatness; every thing was riches and splendour; even the inhabitants seemed to be dressed out. "It is not Sunday to-day?" I asked. No, it was Saturday in the almanac, but Berlin always looks as if it were Sunday afternoon. Where should I take up my quarters? was the next question; the old king and "Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers," which we all know from the chapter about Brunswick, came into my mind. Louis Angely, the translator of "Drei Tage, &c. &c.," and author of several vaudevilles, was owner of "der Kaiser von Rusland," one of the first hotels in Berlin; how could I, then, be in doubt as to where I should choose a place?

CHAPTER XIII.

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO—THE THEATRES IN BERLIN—THE THIERGARTEN—THE PICTURE GALLERY—SPANDAU—AN ADVENTURE—THE BIRD—THE JOURNEY'S END.

WITH a letter of introduction from our Orsted* I set out to visit the poet Chamisso. He is by birth a Frenchman, and has been an officer in the army. Afterwards, as a naturalist, he made a voyage round the world, and was, when I was in Berlin, one of the directors of the Botanical Garden there. I was extremely anxious to see the author of Peter Schlemil's "Wundersame Geschichte." I entered, and Peter Schlemil himself stood living before me—at least the self-same figure that stands in the book;—a tall meagre figure, with long grey locks hanging

* The celebrated Danish chemist, Hans Christian Orsted.

down over his shoulders, and with an open good-natured face; he had on a brown dressing-gown, and a crowd of rosy-cheeked children played about him. He bade me welcome with the heartiest good-will, and I had now one acquaintance in this strange city.

In the evening I went to the Opera-house, where Weber's opera, "Oberon," was performed, and right glad I was, and though I only got a spare seat I was yet one of the first. Here it was that I was to have a proper idea of an opera—to see the scenery and decorations treated as an art by themselves, and what machinery can be. The overture was received with *da capo,* the curtain rolled up, and whilst the overture was repeated I had an opportunity of regarding the splendid decorations and the charming groups. Oberon did not lie, as with us, in a solid bed: the whole airy hall was overgrown with lilies, and he lay in the rocking cup of one of them. Round about in the other lilies stood smiling genii, whilst the larger ones

hovered about in a light and airy dance. Every decoration was thus a work of art, as also the arrangement of the whole; but the machinery —*mirabile dictu!*—the machinery was, in proportion to the means, bad. I call it bad, when the clouds remain stationary half-way, so that the genii must help to slide them on; when in the otherwise magnificent sea-decoration in the second act, where the air was so deceitfully true, one could see into the lofts over the air-curtains if one sat on the second bench in the pit opposite to it. The whole airy scenery was charming here—one saw the stars peep gradually forth: if the ceiling had not come forward at the same time, it would have been beautiful. The changes were also managed rather clumsily; and in the sea of Astracan we saw a scene-shifter pass over the surface of the water, which surprised me much, although I knew that experiment at home. I was, however, told it had never been managed so awkwardly as on that evening— that the machi-

nery here was a real work of art: we must, therefore, regard it as a misfortune that evening, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning it.

In a large city it is always pleasant when there are several theatres to choose amongst; but when good pieces are performed in them all, the same evening, one cannot agree with oneself; for more than two a man cannot well go to the same evening. This I felt on the second evening of my stay, when I had to choose between the "French Theatre," the "Charlottenborg Theatre," "Königstatisches Theatre," and the "Opera-house." Added to this, Chamisso had invited me to accompany him to Thiergarten, where he would introduce me to the *beaux esprits* of Berlin. I stood like Hercules on the cross road, and—accompanied Chamisso. I, however, found no wild animals in the Thiergarten;* they were all tame, very good-natured, and friendly persons. A little festival was arranged here in conse-

* The Deer-park.

quence of the poet Holtoy's return home from Darmstadt, where he had been giving readings.

Here I also met with the poet Hoffman's friend, Hitzig, and made acquaintance with Wilibald Alexis (Häring), who spoke with much warmth about Denmark, and the happy hours he had passed with Oehlenschlæger.

It is quite a peculiar and pleasant feeling, when in a strange land, to hear our own spoken well of; then we feel truly that we are "bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh," so that every praise and every reproach that is pointed at it also seem to fall on us, who are, however, but a small part thereof; yet I suppose it is in this case as in most others, we set our native land in the one scale and ourselves in the other.

Here was, however, much that reminded me of home, and carried me back to Denmark, particularly the warm affection with which they named their king, and whose health was one of the first we drank.

It was late in the evening when we sepa-

rated. The night brought sleep and rest, and the next day new things to be seen.

The Museum is only open on certain days in the week, but strangers are permitted to view it at all times on showing their passports to the keeper.

The building has in it something imposing. A high flight of steps occupies almost the whole breadth of the façade; columns and arches rise prettily above us. Where we enter a rotunda, decorated with antiques, a suite of rooms opens with these glorious remains of past ages. Taste and elegance distinguish the whole. Some steps higher lead us into the great picture-gallery, which in royal magnificence surpasses both that in Dresden and Copenhagen, but in value is far inferior to either of them.

The floors were polished, and the attendants, in new silver-laced liveries, stood by the doors. For the rest, there were paintings here by the first masters, only I was astonished at

the number of horrifying ideas I found executed here. For instance, there were three pieces, hanging together, by Jeronimus Bosch, representing the Creation, the Day of Judgment, and Hell—where the Day of Judgment represented such disgusting images that I do not like to refer to them in all their nastiness. I found more than one Christ's head by Hughe van d'Goes, which might certainly be considered as masterpieces, if taken directly from nature; but here they were executed to perfect ugliness. The crown of thorns was pressed deep into the head of the Redeemer, so that the large blood-drops gushed forth: every vein was swelled; the lips were of a dark blue; and the heavy sweat-drops lay in loathsome truthfulness over the whole face. There was something in it, to me at least, revolting. It is the poetical in pain that the painter should express, and not its prosaic repulsiveness. I cannot forget the vampire-looking pictures: they stand before me now far more living than Guido Reni's

"Fortune," Vandyke's "Visitation of the Holy Ghost," and Michael Angelo's "Burial of Christ," which I saw here.

Five days in Berlin depart like a sneeze; one only knows, in fact, the beginning and the end.

Chamisso was the last to whom I bade farewell! Before we parted, the poet wrote the following little impromptu, as a remembrance, which I here add to my recollections of Berlin:—

"O lasset uns, in dieser, düstern, bangen Zeit,
Wo hochanschwellend donnernd der Geschichte Strom,
Die starre, langgehegte Eisesdecke sprengt,
Das neue Leben unter Trümmern bricht hervor,
Und sich in Stürmen umgestalten will die Welt,
O lasset uns, ihr Freunde—rings verhallt das Lied
Und unserm heitern Saitenspiele lauscht kein Ohr—
Dennoch die Göttergabe des Gesanges treu
In reinen Busen hägen, wehren, dass vielleicht
Wir hochergraute Barden einst die Sonne noch
Mit Hochgesang begrüssen, welche das Gewölck
Zertheilend die verjüngte Welt bescheinen wird.
Prophetisch, Freunde, bring ich dieses volle Glas,
Der fernen Zukunft einer andern Liederzeit."

My way home lay through Brandenborg-

Thor. I bade farewell to the Goddess of Victory, who, with her proud bronze horses, had seen other scenes than I. In her younger days she was placed as if she drove out of Berlin; but when she did so in reality, and even went direct to Paris, she was transported back and placed with her face towards the city; and it is certainly better that Victory make her entry into a city than that she should go out of it.

My travelling companions this time were, a baker, two miller's children, that is to say, a he and a she—the latter one might call "die schöne Müllerin"—an old governess, and a poetical tailor.

The sun burnt like fire, and the country began to put its worst face on, as we left Spandau: it was just as if we drove over a map, the whole was so flat. At last the beautiful scenery crept into a blade of grass that peeped forth here and there.

The baker, who suffered much from the heat,

and fear of the cholera, puffed and groaned. He had five or six bottles of wine with him, in which there was something he called cholera-drops; and, as he emptied one after the other, he began to sing, as if from despair. It sounded like a broken wail. At last, when the bottles became lighter, he grew quite poetical, and began to recite. They were "terrible recitatives," about death, the devil, and the white lady, and all given in one tone.

The sun now looked into the diligence to see all this. The road began to be so dusty, that we were obliged to draw the windows up. Here we now sat, six souls in six bodies and a half,—for the baker's could pass very well for one and a half. He now came out with effect: the clear water-drops stood on his face. His neighbour, the young poetical tailor, sat quite pale and warm, and exclaimed at the close of every verse, "*Gottlich!*" The old governess looked so stately, and kept smelling continually to a lemon, whilst I tried all

possible ways to stretch my poor legs, which I at length bored in between "die schöne Müllerin" and her brother, who slept, and nodded in their sleep, like two marsh marigolds when it blows a little. The baker took them for approving nods, and raised his voice still louder, when a coal-black head darted out of the governess's reticule, with a bark and a scream. Here she had concealed her dog, as no dogs are permitted in the diligence. It had kept still the whole time previously, but now it lost all patience: it gave a few short barks, so that the sleeping brother and sister, and we other half-dead beings, sprang up in the vehicle, and thrust our heads into the large net that hung from the roof, for our sticks, umbrellas, and other small articles. "Die schöne Müllerin" had also stuck a large paper in the net with white powdered-sugar, which was broken, and overwhelmed the poor baker, whose face now looked like a living spring. Fortunately we were near a town—Peesin

I think they called it. Here he found comfort, and we other preliminaries towards resting ourselves; that is to say, we had just time to sit down, when the postilion blew his horn, and we were again crammed into our wandering prison. The baker no longer recited verse; but, by an association of ideas, he passed from the governess's dog to Göethe's "Faust," where the dog in particular had been so devilish good. He had seen this piece in Berlin, and placed it equally as high as "Rolla's Death," which was his favourite piece, for he had once performed in it in his youth as a young savage. "Die schöne Müllerin" and I passed the time in talking about the different sorts of cheese, and I rose considerably in her esteem when I told her the way to prepare Fyen's sour-milk cheese. We, however, went forwards at a rapid rate, and every time I peeped out of the window I saw nothing but white sand and dark fir woods.

The tailor, who sat between the baker and

governess, cast a look now and then to the window, but it required a swan's neck to look out; and as we just happened to pass a large thistle, that stood here as a symbol of fertility, he lisped, with a look at the baker, to whom he wished to show his acquaintance with literature—

"Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Haiden;"

but then stopped short, quite perplexed, and looked at his handkerchief, which he played with, as he probably feared that the baker would regard this outburst as an allusion to himself; for he also sat here in the sand with a face round and red as a "Röslein roth, Röslein auf der Haiden."

We drove continually forwards; it was just as if an evergreen piece of calico with white spots had been extended before the windows of our vehicle—not a change in the whole country. I wished now that I had the last act of "Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spie-

lers," which I went away from in Brunswick. It would have done some good.

The dark night, however, brought us an adventure, or rather a comic scene, only it is a pity that it was more dramatic than epic, and therefore cannot so well be told as performed. We stopped to change horses before one of those pretty two-storied inns, with fluted columns in the walls, and handsome façades, that one finds on the way between Berlin and Hamburg. We all got out, except the old governess and her lap-dog, which she still had in a bag, to refresh ourselves in the neat and prettily ornamented guests'-room. The old lady fell asleep in the meantime, and perhaps dreamt of her youth, when she also was a rose; for every wild briar has been such a flower. At length she awakes; there is no one but herself and the dog in the carriage— she looks out, all is dark and still as death—no light shines through the windows of the house. The horses are taken from the carriage; she screams out, for her travelling com-

panions have travelled on, and forgotten her:—she sits alone here in the middle of the high road, in the Prussian sands, in the darkest night!

We were all in the guests' room, on the other side of the house, as there were some minutes to spare before the horses would be put to. We heard the scream, ran out of the house to render assistance, and opened the carriage door; but her terror was now greater than before, as she thought it was some one who would rob her. She screamed, the dog barked, and we shouted to each other in order to get an explanation, which even then it was not very easy to obtain.

We were now soon off again. The Prussian roads are excellent;—they are as if one drove over a chamber floor.

At length we came to the frontiers of Mecklenburg. The land here is a smiling oasis in the midst of the desert. Here we again saw noble trees, oaks and beeches: the corn waved in the fields, and I dreamt I was in the middle

of Sealand. Ludwigslüst, with its palace, its large gardens and broad avenues, lay before us. A window stood open in the inn yard where we stopped; a sparrow sat on it and chirped merrily. I know not what it was, but both the bird itself and the voice seemed familiar to me. It was certainly the same little person that chirped outside my window the last morning I was in Denmark, but who I did not then understand.

At Lauenburg there were enormous sand-banks in succession; it looked as if the sea had lately receded and left them behind.

The road soon became so broad that it scarcely knew where its own end was. Sometimes it ran in between those white mountains, where the carriage sank so deep that the horses could scarcely drag it from the place; and then think that it was moonlight, and that we neither saw nor heard a living being but ourselves! I have said I would depict this, that I would paint Hamburg and Lubeck on my return tour, now that I am quiet within the wall

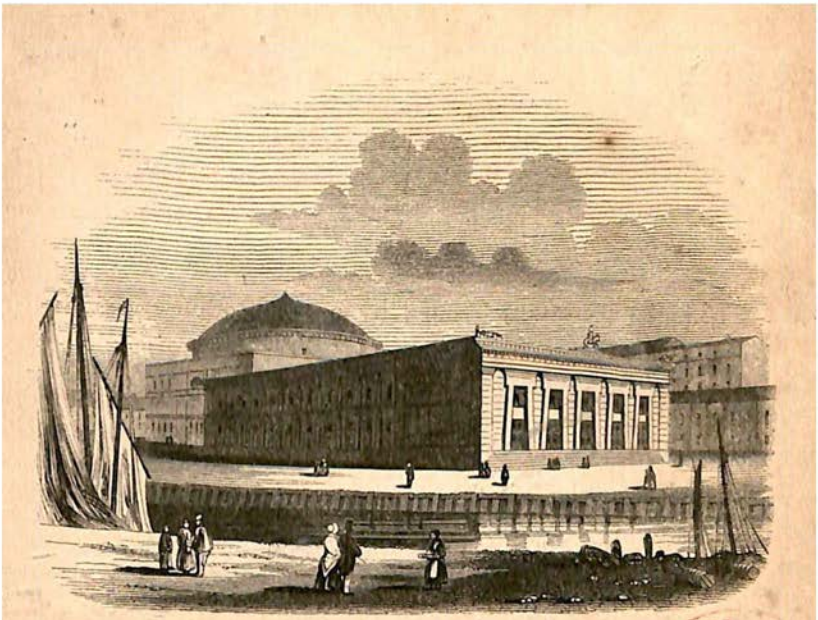
of Copenhagen; but as I take the pen, that little bird sits again outside my window and chirps as before I travelled, and as it chirped at Ludwigslüst. I really think it says the self-same words as then, and it is the third time. It *must* be a critic, for it puts me in a bad humour! Therefore there will be no more rambling sketches—not even of the glorious sea, which was also out of humour when I came home; but that dark look suited it well, as did the fresh breeze that filled the sail and whirled the black smoky column up into the air. The towers of Copenhagen rose before us: they appeared to me so pointed, so satirical, as if they were a type of that pen which, perhaps, would scratch out my sketches.

Many a little bird that sings in the woods, if it were corrected every time it sang, would certainly soon be quiet, and grieve itself to death behind the green hedges; but the poet—

> Nor praise, nor blame, must stop his free pursuit,
> With storm and sun the flower becomes a fruit!

ALBERT THORVALDSEN;

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



THORVALDSEN MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN.

CHAPTER I.

A RICH scroll in the history of art has been unfolded and read: Thorvaldsen has lived; his life was a triumphal procession; fortune and success accompanied him; men in him have acknowledged and paid homage to art.

This man's prosperous life, this triumphal procession, can be painted with words as well as with colours. Could we present a vignette, *heralding* the whole, we would trace three large *fields*, and in the uppermost draw a thick,

well-grown, Danish beech-forest, where the king stands before the altar of unhewn stones, his hair girt round with a thick golden ring, and himself surrounded by a circle of priests. This is Denmark's king, Harald Hildetand.* His eye sparkles, his head is proudly raised;—what have the great gods promised him? That one of his race shall, in future ages, extend his sceptre from the North Cape to the southernmost point of Europe; far towards the east and west his name shall be written in the book of nations.

We will draw the next field in the heraldic vignette:—centuries have passed away; it is in our times. A poor boy, with a little red cap on his flaxen head, is seen carrying an earthen jar, suspended by a pack-thread, through one of the narrow streets of Copen-

* Harald the Fifth was the son of Rorik Slyngebaud and Audur, daughter of Ivar Vidfadme. He died in the fatal battle of Bravalla, fought on the coast of Scania, A.D. 735. His surname of Hildetand, or Golden-teeth, is thus accounted for: "Hildetanni cognomen obtinuit ab Hilde, quæ Dea belli perhibitur, seu septentrionis Bellona, et dentibus aureis."—Torfæus, tom. i. lib. x. c. 22—25. Geijer tom. i. p. 536.

hagen; he is taking food to his father, who works in the dock-yard as a carver of figure-heads for vessels. Look well at this child; he is the youngest of King Harald Hildetand's race, and through him the prophecy shall be fulfilled,—but how?

We will sketch the third field: the boy has become a man, and his flaxen hair white; but it hangs in rich folds over his Herculean shoulders. Round about are seen splendid marble figures,—Jason with the golden fleece, the Graces, the holy Apostles. This is the artist-king we see, the descendant of Harald Hildetand, the poor boy who now, as a man, extends his sceptre over Europe's lands in the kingdom of genius: it is Albert Thorvaldsen.

It is no invention of the poet, it is reality itself that prompted every one of these pictures. Iceland has preserved the elder languages, mythology and history, for the northern kingdoms: the pedigrees of whole families are found truly and faithfully preserved in the *sagas*, and thus we have Thor-

valdsen's. His lineage descends from Denmark's King, Harald Hildetand. From Denmark his family removed to Norway, and afterwards to Iceland. There we read, in the *saga* about Laxdlerne, that one of the family, Oluf Paa, was a powerful chief, whose taste for works of art is celebrated in the songs of the bards. Albert Thorvaldsen's genius glowed in the chief's breast; hear what the *saga* says:—

"Oluf Paa had a dining-hall built, which was larger and handsomer than any one that had hitherto been seen; the walls and ceiling were adorned with images representing celebrated events from old legends or *sagas*, and the whole was so skilfully executed, that it appeared much more splendid than if the walls and ceiling had been hung with tapestry. When the dining-hall was finished, there was a great banquet at Oluf Paa's, and thither came amongst others the bard Ulf Uggason, who made a ballad about Oluf Paa and the *sagas* that were depicted on the walls. This ballad was called *Huusdrapa*."

A similarity in features and manners can be traced through several generations, and so may a peculiarity of mind; and it is that in Oluf Paa which, ennobled and enlarged, appears in Thorvaldsen.

We stand in the entrance to this life's gallery;—one picture succeeds the other in this happy, victorious, triumphal procession.

It was in Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, that a carver of figures for ships' heads, by name Gottskalk Thorvaldsen, was presented by his wife, Karen Grönlund, the daughter of a clergyman in Jutland, with a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel, Albert.

The father had come from Iceland, and lived in poor circumstances. They dwelt in *Lille Grönnegade* (Little Green-street), not far from the Academy of Arts. The moon has often peeped into their poor room; she has told us about it in "A Picture-book without Pictures:"—

"The father and mother slept, but their

little son did not sleep; where the flowered cotton bed-curtains moved I saw the child peep out. I thought at first that he looked at the Bornholm clock, for it was finely painted with red and green, and there was a cuckoo on the top; it had heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum, with its shining brass plate, went to and fro with a 'tick! tick!' But it was not that he looked at; no, it was his mother's spinning-wheel, which stood directly under the clock. This was the dearest piece of furniture in the whole house to the boy; but he durst not touch it, for if he did, he got a rap over the fingers. Whilst his mother spun, he would sit for hours together looking at the whirring spindle and the revolving wheel, and then he had his own thoughts. Oh! if he only durst spin that wheel! His father and mother slept; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and then, by degrees, a little naked foot was stuck out of the bed, and then another naked foot; then there came two small legs, —and, with a jump, he stood on the floor.

He turned round once more, to see if his parents slept; yes, they did; and so he went softly, quite softly, in his little shirt, up to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel then ran much quicker. His mother awoke at the same moment; the curtains moved; she looked out, and thought of the brownie, or some other little spectral being. 'Have mercy on us!' said she, and in her fear she nudged her husband in the side; he opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little fellow. 'It is Bertel, woman,' said he."

What the moon relates we see here as the first picture in Thorvaldsen's life's gallery; for it is a reflection of the reality. Thorvaldsen has himself, when in familiar conversation at Nysöe, told the author almost word for word what he in his "Picture-book" makes the moon say. It was one of his earliest reminiscences, how he, in his little short shirt, sat in the moonlight and spun his mother's wheel, whilst she, dear soul, took him for a little spectre.

A few years ago, there still lived an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little light-haired, blue-eyed boy, that came to his father in the carving-house at the dock-yard. He was to learn his father's trade; and, as the latter felt how bad it was not to be able to draw, the boy, then eleven years of age, was sent to the drawing-school at the Academy of Arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years afterwards, Bertel—or Albert, as we shall in future call him—was of great assistance to his father; nay, he even improved his work.

See the hovering ships on the wharfs! The Dannebrog* waves, the workmen sit in a circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture: it is a boy, who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features of the figure-head for the vessel. It is the ship's guardian spirit; and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorvaldsen, it will wander forth into the wide world. The eternally swelling sea should

* The Danish national flag.

baptize it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it.

Our next picture advances a step forward. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has now frequented the academy's school for six years, where, always taciturn and silent, he stood by his drawing-board. His answer was "yes" or "no," a nod or a shake of the head; but mildness shone from his features, and good-nature was in every expression. The picture shows us Albert as a candidate for confirmation. He is now seventeen years of age—not a very young age to ratify his baptismal compact: his place at the dean's house is the last among the poor boys, for his knowledge is not sufficient to place him higher. There had just at that time been a paragraph in the newspapers stating that the pupil Thorvaldsen had gained the academy's smaller medal for a bas-relief representing "a Cupid reposing." "Is it your brother that has gained the medal?" inquired the dean. "It is myself," said Albert; and the clergyman looked kindly on him, placed

him first amongst all the boys, and from that time always called him Monsieur Thorvaldsen. Oh, how deeply did that "Monsieur" then sink into his mind, as he has often said since! it operated far more powerfully than any title that kings could give him:—he never afterwards forgot it.

In a small house in Aabeuraa—the street where Holberg makes his poor poets dwell—lived Albert Thorvaldsen with his parents, and divided his time between the study of art and assisting his father. The Academy's lesser gold medal was now the prize to be obtained for sculpture. Our artist was now twenty years of age; his friends knew his abilities better than himself, and they compelled him to enter on the task. The subject proposed was, "Heliodorus driven out of the temple."

We are now in Charlottenborg;* but the little chamber in which Thorvaldsen lately sat to make his sketch is empty, and he, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, hastens down

* An old palace, now used as the academy of arts.

the narrow back-stairs with the intention of running away. Nothing is accidental in the life of a great genius; an apparent insignificance is a God's guiding finger. Thorvaldsen was to complete his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark stairs? One of the professors casually comes that way; speaks to him, questions, admonishes him. He returns, and in four hours the sketch is finished, and the gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791.

Count Ditlew de Reventlow,* minister of state, saw the young artist's work, and became his protector: he placed his own name at the head of a subscription that enabled Thorvaldsen to devote his time to the study of his art. Two years afterwards the large gold medal was to be contended for at the Academy, the successful candidate thereby gaining the right to a travelling *stipendium*. Thorvaldsen was again the victor; but before he entered on his travels, it was deemed necessary to extend that

* Father of the present Danish Ambassador in London.

knowledge of which an indifferent education at school had left him in want. He read, studied, and the Academy gave him its support; acknowledgment smiled on him; a greater and more spiritual sphere lay open to him.

We will now fix our eyes on an object which at that time was dear to him. We find it at his feet in those lively evening scenes, where he, in merry company with such men as Rahbek and Steffens, sits a silent spectator: we find it in the corner behind the great stove with the bright brass balls, in the otherwise poorly furnished chamber at home, which contrasts strangely with the appearance of the well-dressed men who come to visit him. We see it, but bound with a cord, behind the door of the Amateur Company's Theatre, where Thorvaldsen retires after delivering the two replies he has to make in the "Barber of Seville:"—it is his dear dog. It belongs to this time; it belongs to his life's triumphal procession; he has loved it, he has remembered

it in many a work; it was his faithful companion, his dear comrade. All his friends will have one of its whelps; for once, when one of Albert's creditors became too violent, it flew with fury at the ruthless dun. Thorvaldsen has made it immortal in marble; yet he has not done so with his first love,—which so often transforms itself into an imperishable Daphne leaf in a poet's breast.

We know a chapter in that history. It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorvaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate Thetis, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride: he took an honest, open-hearted farewell of her, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me. If you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years

hence, then we will be united." They separated,—and they met again, many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorvaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence; when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning; there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window;—it was she. The first farewell was here called to mind by the last. The first farewell—yes, that was a festal day! The cannons sounded a farewell from the frigate Thetis.

See how the sails swell before the wind! the water foams in the wake of the ship as it passes the wood-grown coast, and the towers of Copenhagen disappear in the distance. Albert stands by the prow; the waves dash against the image of Thetis, which he himself once carved with life-like features. He looks forward;—he has now begun his Argonautic expedition in search of art's golden fleece in

Colchis-Rome. But at home, in the little parlour in Aabeuraa, there stands the inconsolable mother lamenting her lost son, whom she shall see no more,—no more press to her heart. One of Albert's dearest friends is also there; he has brought her a little box of ducats from the departed traveller; but she shakes her head, and cries aloud, "I want nothing in this world but my child, who will now perish on the wild ocean!" And she takes her boy's old black silk waistcoat from the closet, imprints a thousand kisses on it, and sheds many heavy tears for Albert, her beloved Albert.

A whole year passes; towards the end of February, 1797,* we stand on the Molo at Naples. The packet from Palermo arrives, and with it Turks, Greeks, Maltese, and people of all nations. Amongst them is a pale, sickly Scandinavian: he assists the porter to carry his own luggage, shakes his head at the other's garrulity, for he does not understand the lan-

* The Thetis sailed from Copenhagen on the 20th of May, 1796.

guage. Of what use is it that the sun shines so warm and bright on all around?—there is no sunshine in his mind—it is sickly, it is depressed by home-sickness. Thus has Albert Thorvaldsen at length entered Italy's continent, after having been cast about like an Ulysses. The frigate Thetis was obliged to cruise in the North Sea, to guard the Norwegian coasts against English privateers. It was in September that it first passed through the British Channel, and arrived in October at Algiers, where the plague had broken out: then followed a long quarantine at Malta, then a tour to Tripoli, in order to quell the disturbance that had arisen with respect to Danish vessels; and, whilst the captain was on shore there, the ship was driven by a storm from its moorings, and carried out again to sea, when it had to undergo a fresh quarantine at Malta, after which it was found to be in such a state that it was obliged to be keel-hauled. Thorvaldsen, therefore, left his countrymen at Malta, from which place he went in an open

boat to Palermo, whence it was that the packet now brought him to Naples.

Not a single fellow-countryman did he meet here. The language he did not understand. Anxious and discouraged, he wandered about the harbour the whole of the following day, to see if there were not amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground; but no, there was not one Danish vessel. Had there been one there, he would then have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he lodged for a few days saw him weep, and thought, "It is certainly love that depresses him,—love,—love for one in his cold barbarian land!" and she wept too, and thought, perhaps, of her own first love; for the rose-bush can be fresh and green with youth within, although it is harvest-time, and it stands leafless without, yet bearing its buds.

"What has that voyage led to? Why does that effeminate imp come back!" These ere the words with which he would have

been greeted at home; and this he felt in that struggling moment. A sort of shame struck deep into his mind, and with this feeling he hastened to take a place with a *vetturino* for Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797,—a day that was afterwards celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birthday, before they knew the day on which he was born:—the 8th of March was the day on which Thorvaldsen was born in Rome for his immortal art.

A portrait stands now before us; it is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist is specially recommended; but who only sees in him a common talent; whose words are those of censure alone, and whose eye sees only a servile imitation of the antique in his works. Strictly honest in his judgment, according to his own ideas, is this man, who should be Thorvaldsen's guide.

We let three years glide away after the arrival of Thorvaldsen, and ask Zoega what he now says of Albert, or, as the Italians call him,

Alberto; and the severe man shakes his head, and says—"There is much to blame, little to be satisfied with, and diligent he is not!" Yet he was diligent in a high degree; but the workings of genius are foreign to a foreign mind. "The snow had just then thawed from my eyes," he has himself often repeated. The drawings of the Danish painter, Carstens, formed one of those spiritual books that shed their holy baptism over that growing genius. The little *atelier* looked like a battle-field, for round about were broken statues. Genius formed them often in the midnight hour; despondency over their faults broke them in the day.

The three years for which he had received a *stipendium* were as if they had flown away, and as yet he had produced nothing. The time for his return drew nigh. One work, however, he must complete, that it might not with justice be said in Denmark, "Thorvaldsen has quite wasted his time in Rome." Doubting his genius just when it embraced him most affectionately; not expecting victory,

whilst he already was on the road to it, he modelled "Jason who has gained the golden fleece." It was this that Thorvaldsen would have gained in the kingdom of art, and which he now thought he must resign. The figure stood there in clay,—many eyes looked carelessly on it, and—he broke it to pieces!

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed,—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started, and exclaimed; "Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese é fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederikke Brunn, was then in Rome, and spoke enthusiastically of Thorvaldsen's "Jason." She

assisted the artist, and he was enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; for he himself had no more money than was just sufficient for his expenses home.

The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, and the *vetturino's* carriage was before the door at day-break:—the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow-traveller—the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day; and Thorvaldsen promised, although the *vetturino* complained, and abused him, to remain so long. He stayed—stayed to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre over Denmark.

The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us and our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorvaldsen! An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than

towers and spires; who cast more honour and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth,—it was the Englishman, Thomas Hope.

In the little *studio* which the artist was about to leave, stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorvaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style.

Thorvaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was in the year 1803.

"Jason" was finished twenty-five years afterwards, and then first sent to the noble Briton; but in these twenty-five years other masterpieces were created, and Thorvaldsen's name inscribed amongst the immortals.

He was one of Fortune's favourites, yet still

often sick at heart. The sun of Naples had not the power to cheer him; but friendship and careful nursing were able to do so, and these he found with Baron Schubart, the Danish ambassador in Tuscany: with him, at his beautiful villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health came into his blood, and peace into his mind. The summer life at that place is still reflected in his bas-reliefs, "Summer" and "Autumn."

Princes and artists here associated with him affectionately. On all sides were heard sounds of acknowledgment and admiration. "The Muses' dance on Helicon" then sprang forth in marble. He formed "Cupid and Psyche." This group stood complete at the palace, when a storm came on: the lightning fell, and broke all the other figures except "Cupid and Psyche." It was a sign from heaven that he was its favourite. Heaven with its lightning spared a work of Thorvaldsen's; the ocean itself in its anger afterwards spared his "Venus with the apple." This beautiful statue sprang forth from the froth of the sea, saved,

and well preserved, after the sorrowful news of the vessel's having sunk on its passage to England. The news of Thorvaldsen's fame reached Denmark, and awakened joy and interest. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Arts; orders for the palace and the town-hall were sent to him. Beautiful statues came from his hands at this time. New works of art, and fresh orders followed. Years rolled on.

Norway was then united with Denmark. In 1811 a quarry of white marble was discovered there, and our present king, then Prince Christian, wrote to Thorvaldsen, who expressed his desire and longing to return; but the many works he had on hand still bound him for a time to the city of the Pope.

There was a bustle and noise in Rome. An emperor's palace was to be erected on the Quirinal mountain. Artists and artizans were in full activity, for every thing was to be ready in May, 1812, to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms: on the top part of the four walls of each, stood an open place for bas-

reliefs. No one thought of Thorvaldsen's assistance, for he was going home to the north. The time approached for the completion of the work. The architect, Stern, who had the management of the whole, was by accident seated next to Thorvaldsen in the academy of St. Luca, and there made him a proposal to produce a frieze in plaster for the rooms, sixty feet in length; but it must be finished in three months. Thorvaldsen promised it, kept his word, and delivered a masterpiece,—"Alexander's triumphal entry."* The fame of it spread through all countries: in Denmark it rose to enthusiasm. Sums of money were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorvaldsen still remained in Rome. New

* Of "Alexander's triumphal entry," there are four different specimens: 1. The Quirinal, which may be regarded as sketches. 2. The Sommarivis, which has several additions. 3. The same worked throughout, and extended by several pieces, which may be regarded as a complete whole. 4. The specimen in Christiansborg Palace in Copenhagen, which was executed in 1829-30, and is an exact copy of the one last named.

works were produced. We will dwell on two since the year 1815. Weeks and months had run on without his having done anything. He went about in an inexplicable state of melancholy. Early one summer morning, after a sleepless night, he sat down before the wooden trough, laid the wet clay over it, and in a moment he formed his celebrated bas-relief "Night." During the work the dark mists in his mind vanished; it was day there—the clear, sun-lit day,—a confident peace that afterwards always greeted him as a victor. He had just completed this bas-relief when one of his Danish friends entered, and found him glad and happy, playing with a large cat, and his dear dog Teverino. The same day came the plaster-modeller, to cast it in gypsum, and Thorvaldsen was busy with his accompanying bas-relief of "Day." He said, "Stay a little while; then we can have them both cast at the same time." Thus these two immortal works were begun and completed in one day.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in

the morning, he left Rome, in company with Count Rantzau of Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. Passing through Sleswick, Als, and Funen, Thorvaldsen arrived at Copenhagen on the 3d of October, after an absence of twenty-three years.

It was not his parents' lot to see him. His mother could not press her beloved Albert to her heart, nor hear of the homage paid to him —hear the exultations that his arrival at home awakened. They had both died long before; but from heaven they looked down on him,— from heaven they had followed him on his earthly life's triumphal progress. A mother's tears on earth and prayers in heaven are blessings!

In all the Italian and German towns through which he passed he was met by high and low with demonstrations of honour, and many an enthusiastic young artist hastened to the town whither he knew that Thorvaldsen would come. At one of the last stages, near Stutgard, a wanderer came and stopped by the carriage in

which Thorvaldsen sat. He begged to be allowed to ride; he got permission, and when on the way narrated that he had come on foot a great distance, and that he was going to Stutgard in order to see the great artist Thorvaldsen, who was expected there. Thorvaldsen made himself known. It was one of the greatest moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a victorious procession. His arrival in Copenhagen was not less so.

See how they crowd around him, old and young, the first men in the land! A hearty pressure of the hand, and a kiss on the mouth, is Thorvaldsen's good day. All worldly honours and elevations to rank did not corrupt his even mind, his straightforward manner. A suite of rooms is assigned to him at Charlottenborg. His eye wanders about amongst the many that surround him, in search of one of his former friends. He sees none but the old porter, who stands modestly by the door, in his red frock. He remembers this old man from the

days of his youth. He flies into his arms, and presses a heartfelt kiss on his lips.

Feast succeeds feast in honour of Thorvaldsen. The most brilliant, however, was that given by the students of the university, which was held at the royal shooting-gallery. Oehlenschlæger made the first speech; at the close of which the poet called on the sculptor to remember the old gods of the north, and to present to the world at least one. Songs were sung, cannons fired, toasts drunk, and also one for Thorvaldsen's "Graces" in the "*health to all Danish girls.*"

He soon began to long for work. An *atelier* was arranged, and all flocked to see him at his labours. To most of the Copenhageners his was a new art. A handsome lady, who saw him one day modelling with his fingers on the soft clay, said quite *naïvely*,—

"You do not, surely, do that work yourself, professor, when you are in Rome?"

"I assure you," he replied good-humouredly, "that this is precisely the most important part!"

About a year afterwards, he again left Copenhagen. It is a pitch-dark night, and the sea is calm. An open-decked boat lies still some miles from the coast of Laaland. The seals whine from the banks. The sailor sits listening at the stern, uncertain what he shall do. The surface of the water is suddenly ruffled; a storm is at hand; it approaches on whistling wings, and the waves toss the light boat. It is death near that terrible coast; but Death only mows down the foam of the high waves with his scythe. Thorvaldsen is in the boat; his mission in the kingdom of arts, on earth, is not ended. At daybreak, a pilot comes to their aid, and they reach Rostock.

Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,* and Vienna, he now returns to the eternal city, his second home. In every place are greeting and homage. The Emperor Alexander and the

* Thorvaldsen received several orders for different works in Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander was there just at that time, and sat to the artist for his bust.

Emperor Francis receive the artist with marks of distinction. The whole journey forms a new addition of triumphs in his life's wanderings.

Again he stood in his airy Roman *atelier;* the roses blooming in the open window, the yellow oranges shining in the warm sun. There he stood, creating anew: immortal works spring forth from under his chisel. "Christ and the twelve Apostles,"* "St. John,"† and the surrounding group were formed; and Copernicus sat there, in his strength and greatness.

On the last day of Lent, in 1823, the bells rang, pistols and guns cracked everywhere. Thorvaldsen's landlady had a little son. After their meal on Good Friday, the boy begged

* The figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles, in marble, are in Frue Kirke (Our Lady's Church), Copenhagen.

† John Preaching in the Wilderness, and the surrounding group of sixteen figures in burnt clay, surmount the entrance to Frue Kirke.

him to lend him his pistols, and they went together to fetch them from the bed-chamber, where they had hung from the time he returned from his journey. Thorvaldsen takes the one down, and tries it at the open window. The boy has in the meantime seized the other. It goes off—Thorvaldsen falls. The boy sees blood, and screams out. But the ball had spent itself within his clothes; for the charge had not been strong enough to cause a mortal wound. The blood only streamed from two wounded fingers. His preservation filled the common people in Rome with the belief that he was specially protected by the Madonna.

Yes, here, as always, the heavenly powers watched over him. It is dark night; it is still in Rome's streets, and still in Thorvaldsen's house. A couple of well-armed fellows sneak about there. They pick the lock of the door; they sit down on the stone stairs within, and wait for him; for he is out, and they know he will return late and alone. The land-

lady and her little son, together with a young foreign artist, are the only other occupants of the house, and their rooms are in the top story. The assassins sit still. The key is turned in the door. They listen. No, it is not Thorvaldsen—it is the young artist who comes home. He springs lightly up the stairs, past the lurking murderers. They do not heed him; and yet his hand has touched one of their heads in his hasty flight upstairs. He knows that some one is sitting there, and knows they are waiting for Thorvaldsen, who always goes that way to his chamber. Astonished at seeing a light through the key-hole, he opens the door, and Thorvaldsen is at home. There is an entrance to the house from the next street, and through that door he has come this evening, being obliged to do so, for he has lost the key of the usual entrance-door,—and he is saved.

"The heavenly powers watch over him," repeated the Roman populace. They even

saw the holy father pay him a visit. They saw him extend his hand to him that he might not kneel on taking leave. The Lutheran Thorvaldsen was commissioned to make a monument for the Catholic Pope Pius the Seventh.

Aloft on the tribune stands the daughter of inspiration, the improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. The assembled multitude listen to the words pouring from her lips, and send forth acclamations of praise. The theme proposed to her is, "*I progressi della scultura.*" Her eye wanders over the assembled listeners, and discovers Alberto; him to whom Denmark gave birth. In her song's flight she points him out, and thus so far forgets the earthly, that she, in the city of the Pope, names Alberto "*figlio di Dio.*"

"The king and the poet shall wander together," says the song; David's harp and the king's crown stand near to each other. In Rome's streets, arm in arm, wander King Louis of Bavaria, and the poet in marble,

Albert Thorvaldsen; a devoted friendship was formed between these two. The sculptor always spoke of the King of Bavaria in warm and faithful terms.

Though forty years resident in Rome, rich and independent, he lived and worked with the thought of once returning home to Denmark, there to rest himself. Unaccustomed to the luxuries and comfort of other rich artists in Rome, he lived a bachelor's life. Was his heart, then, no longer open to love since his first departure from Copenhagen? A thousand beautiful Cupids in marble will tell us how warmly that heart beat. Love belongs to life's mysteries.

We know that Thorvaldsen has left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged;*

* She was married in 1832 to the Danish chamberlain, Poulsen, and the year after gave birth to a son, who was christened Albert Thorvaldsen Ludevig; in 1842 she, together with her husband and child, visited her father in Copenhagen, where she became a widow. She now lives in Rome.

we also know that more than one lady of quality would willingly have given her hand to the great artist. The year before his first return to Denmark he lay ill at Naples, and was nursed by an English lady who felt the most ardent affection for him; and, from the feeling of gratitude which was awakened in him, he immediately consented to their union. When he had recovered, and afterwards returned to Rome, this promise preyed on his mind; he felt that he was not now formed to be a husband, acknowledged that gratitude was not love, and that they were not suited to each other; after a long struggle with himself, he wrote and informed her of his determination. Thorvaldsen was never married.

The following trait is as characteristic of his heart as of his whole personality. One day, whilst in Rome, there came a poor countryman to him, an artisan, who had long been ill; he came to say farewell, and to thank him for the money he and others of his coun-

trymen had subscribed, with which he was to reach home.

"But you will not walk the whole way?" said Thorvaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man.

"But you are still too weak to walk!—you cannot bear the fatigue, nor must you do it!" said he.

The man assured him of the necessity of doing so.

Thorvaldsen went and opened a drawer, took out a handful of *scudi*, and gave them to him, saying, "See, now you can ride the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that his gift would not be more than sufficient to carry him to Florence.

"Well!" said Thorvaldsen, clapping him on the shoulder, and he went a second time to the drawer, and took out another handful.—The man was grateful in the highest degree, and was going.—"Now you can ride the whole way home, and be comfortable on the

way," said he, as he followed the man to the door.

"I am very glad!" said the man. "God bless you for it! but to ride the whole way requires a little capital."

"Well, then, tell me how great that must be?" he asked, and looked earnestly at him.

The man in a modest manner named the requisite sum, and Thorvaldsen went a third time to the drawer, counted out the sum, accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand and repeated, "But now you will ride, for you have not strength to walk!"

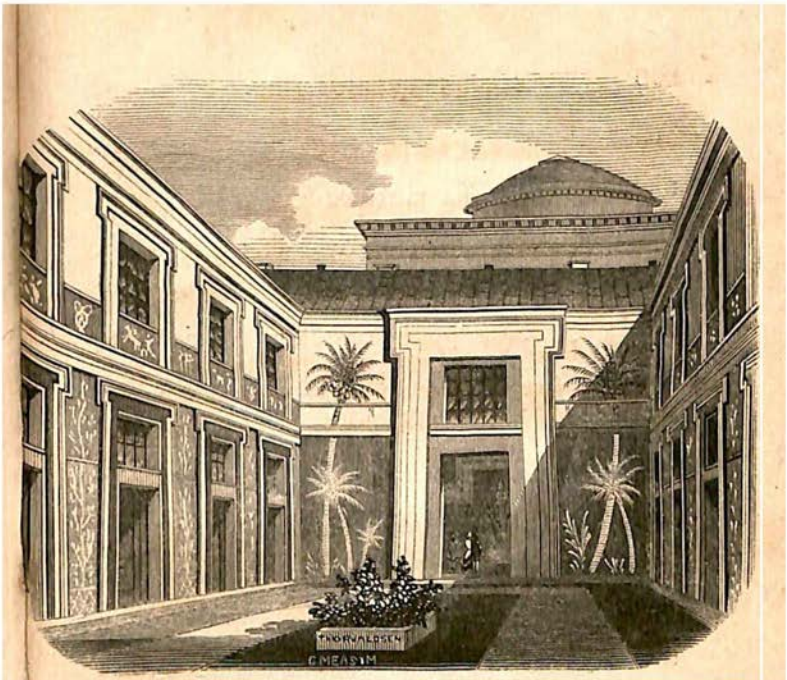
Our artist did not belong to the class of great talkers; it was only in a small circle that he could be brought to say anything, but then it was always with humour and gaiety. A few energetic exclamations of his are preserved. A well-known sculptor expressing himself one day with much self-conceit, entered into a dispute with Thorvaldsen, and set his own works above those of the latter. "You may bind my hands behind me," said Thorvaldsen, "and

I will bite the marble out with my teeth better than you carve it."

Thorvaldsen possessed specimens in plaster of all his works; these, together with the rich marble statues and bas-reliefs which he had collected, and the number of paintings that he every year bought of young artists, formed a treasure that he wished to have in his proper home, Copenhagen. Accordingly, when the Danish government sent vessels of war to the Mediterranean, in order to fetch the works that were ready for the palace or the church, he always sent a number of his own things with them. Denmark was to inherit these treasures of art; and, in order to see them collected in a place worthy of them, a zeal was awakened in the nation to build a museum for their reception. A committee of his Danish admirers and friends sent out a requisition to the people, that every one might give their mite: many a poor servant-girl and many a peasant gave theirs, so that a good sum

was soon collected.* Frederick the Sixth gave the ground for the building, and the erection of it was committed to the architect Bindesbol.

* Thorvaldsen himself gave 25,000 rix-dollars (3000*l.*) towards its erection, which, together with the collected sums, amounted to 100,000 rix-dollars.



INTERIOR OF THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

CHAPTER II.

THORVALDSEN, in 1838, had attained universal fame. The frigate Rota was dispatched to bring a cargo of his works to Copenhagen, and he was to arrive at the same time, perhaps to remain, in Denmark.

For many years we had not seen such beautiful northern lights as in the autumn of this year. Red and blue flames were seen whirling

in the horizon; Iceland's light-glimmering nights had come down to our green Islands: it was as if Thorvaldsen's forefathers, wrapped in the lustre of the aurora borealis, hovered around us to greet their youngest scion. The frigate Rota with the artist on board, approached the summer-green coasts of Denmark.

The Danish flag was to be hoisted from the tower of St. Nicholas, as soon as the vessel could be descried on its way from Elsinore; but it was a foggy day, and the frigate was close by the city before it was observed. Every one was in busy motion;—people flocked through the streets towards the custom-house.

What a picture! The sun bursts forth suddenly between the clouds; there lies the proud ship; a magnificent rainbow spans the heavens.*

* By many it was regarded as a bright omen, which formed the subject of more than one picture at the Academy, that just as Thorvaldsen was about to leave the frigate, the sun, which had been obscured throughout the day, suddenly broke forth, and a beautiful rainbow extended itself over the vessel, as it was seen from the shore.

The cannons thunder; all the vessels hoist their flags; the sea is covered with boats gaily trimmed as for a festival; emblematical flags wave, and tell us that in one boat are painters, in others sculptors, poets, and students. Here come young well-dressed ladies, yet the eye only rests for a moment on them; it turns and fixes itself on the great boat which, with rapid strokes, steers from the ship; for there sits Thorvaldsen, his long white hair hanging over his blue cloak— and the song of welcome sounds from the shore.

The whole shore is filled with spectators; hats and handkerchiefs wave, repeated hurrahs rend the air: it is a people's festival, enthusiasm's festival. The people take the horses from his carriage, and draw him to his dwelling at Charlottenborg, where the *atelier* is ornamented with flowers and garlands. The evening is that of a festival; torches glare in the garden, and artists serenade him.

Thorvaldsen is the people's heart, — the people's thoughts;—feast follows feast. We will

mention but two of these *fêtes* as the most important. One was a sort of poetico-musical academia, where poems for the occasion were read by the authors themselves,* or, set to music, were sung by *dilettanti*. The large saloon, every little room, was filled; every one would partake of the feast, which ended with a supper and a dance led off by Thorvaldsen. The other *fête* was arranged by the united students, when he was made an honorary member of the union. At the banquet on this occasion, at which a song by H. P. Holst apostrophized the future museum, the background of the saloon was opened, and the museum was seen as it would appear when completed.

However much this enthusiasm and homage may have gratified Thorvaldsen, it at length became tiresome; festivals and admiration be-

* The authors who recited their poems themselves were Oehlenschlæger, Grundtvig, H. P. Holst, and H. C. Andersen; the words of the songs were written by Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Overskou, the introductory speech by Professor Clausen.

longed to his daily existence, and yet he thought little of them. When he was drawn by the populace to his dwelling, he was ignorant of it, and said, "We drive fast!" and as he returned one evening from the cathedral in Roeskilde, the houses being illuminated for him, he exclaimed, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"*

Close to Presto Bay, surrounded by wood-grown banks, lies Nysö, the principal seat of the barony of Stampenborg,—a place which, through Thorvaldsen, has become remarkable in Denmark. The open strand, the beautiful beech woods, even the little town seen through the orchards, at some few hundred paces from the mansion, make the place worthy of a visit on account of its truly Danish scenery. Here Thorvaldsen found his best home in Denmark; here he seemed to increase his fame, and here a

* It is the custom in Denmark for the friends of newly-married persons to illuminate the windows of their houses on the evening of the marriage day.

series of his last beautiful bas-reliefs was produced.

Baron Stampe is one of nature's noblest-minded men; his hospitality, and his lady's daughterly affection for Thorvaldsen, opened a home for him here, a comfortable and good one. A great energetic power in the baroness incited his activity; she attended him with a daughter's care, elicited from him every little wish, and executed it. Directly after his first visit to Nysö, a short tour to Moen's chalk cliffs was arranged, and during the few days that were passed there, a little *atelier* was erected in the garden at Nysö, close to the canal which half encircles the principal building: here, and in a corner room of the mansion, on the first floor facing the sea, most of Thorvaldsen's works, during the last years of his life, were executed:—"Christ bearing the Cross," "the Entry into Jerusalem," "Rebecca at the Well," his own portrait-statue, Oehlenschlæger's and Holberg's busts, &c. The Baroness Stampe was in faithful attendance on

him, lent him a helping hand, and read aloud for him from Holberg. Driving abroad, weekly concerts, and in the evenings his favourite play, "The Lottery," were what most easily excited him, and on these occasions he would say many amusing things. He has represented the Stampe family in two bas-reliefs: in the one representing the mother, the two daughters, and the youngest son, is the artist himself; the other exhibits the father and the two elder sons.

All circles sought to attract Thorvaldsen: he was at every great festival, in every great society, and every evening in the theatre by the side of Ochlenschlæger. As a young man, he had not that imposing beauty of feature which he possessed in after-life.

"—— That noble figure
Sat plastic, even as his own gods' statues.
Hast thou observed, that wheresoe'er he came
With numbers forth, the crowd made silent way,
As by a holy cloud unconscious sway'd."*

* Heiberg, in his elegy, "Thorvaldsen."

His greatness was allied to a mildness, a straightforwardness, that in the highest degree fascinated the stranger who approached him for the first time. His *atelier* in Copenhagen was visited daily; he therefore felt himself more comfortable and undisturbed at Nysö. Baron Stampe and his family accompanied him to Italy in 1841, when he again visited that country. The whole journey, which was by way of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine towns, and Munich, was a continued triumphal procession. The winter was passed in Rome, and the Danes there had a home in which they found a welcome.

The following year, Thorvaldsen was again in Denmark, and at his favourite place, Nysö. On Christmas eve, he here formed his beautiful bas-relief, "Christmas joys in Heaven," which Oehlenschlæger consecrated with a poem. The last birthday of his life was celebrated here; the performance of one of Holberg's vaudevilles was arranged, and strangers invited. Yet the

morning of that day was the homeliest, when only the family and the author of this memoir, who had written a merry song on the occasion, which was still wet on the paper, placed themselves outside the artist's door, each with a pair of tongs, a gong, or a bottle on which they rubbed a cork as an accompaniment, and sang the song as a morning greeting. Thorvaldsen, in his morning gown, opened the door, laughing; he twirled his black Raphael's-cap, took a pair of tongs himself, and accompanied us, whilst he danced round and joined the others in the loud "hurra!"

A charming bas-relief, "the Genius of Poetry," was just completed; it was the same that Thorvaldsen, on the last day of his life, bequeathed to Oehlenschlæger, saying, "It may serve as a medal for you."

On Sunday, the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe, in Copenhagen. Thorvaldsen was there, and was unusually lively, told

stories, and spoke of a journey he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favourite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun. On entering, he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head—and was no more. The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out; but he was numbered with the dead.

The news flew through the city like an electric shock. His chambers at Charlottenborg were filled with anxious inquirers: amongst those who were most deeply affected was the

Baroness Stampe, who, but a few days before, had lost a dear sister; and now, with a daughter's heart, she wept for the great artist.*

On dissecting the body, it was found that death was caused by an organic disease of the heart which would have produced dropsy in the chest. Amongst hundreds of persons there are scarcely two so lucky as to be saved from pain by a sudden death. In the lottery of life, Thorvaldsen drew death's number, and was also fortunate in that. His face retained its usual expression when in the coffin. The great artist lay there in the long white clothes, and with a

* His will, dated the 5th December, 1838, states that he gives to his native town, Copenhagen, all the objects of art belonging to him at the time of his death; that the museum shall bear his name; and that he had previously set aside 25;000 rix-dollars towards its erection. The executors named in the will were Councillor Collin, Professors Thiele, Clausen, Schouw, and Bissen, together with a member of the Copenhagen magistracy... The will further directs that the completion of his works should be committed to Professor Bissen, he being paid for the same from the funds of the museum; and that he should likewise have the special artistic inspection of the museum.

fresh laurel-wreath around his brow, like a handsome and imposing bust.

"Woe, as they bore the mighty master's pall,
Was mingled with our church's festival;" *

for his death occurred just in the beginning of Lent. He lay in the open coffin in the great figure-saloon of the Academy, surrounded by burning tapers, just in that place, where fifty years before, on the day previous, he had received the Academy's medal. The funeral oration was delivered by Professor Clausen, and the artists bade farewell to their great master.

"—— With many a heavy tear
The pride of Denmark to the grave we bear." †

The Crown-prince of Denmark, as president of the Academy, was chief mourner. The coffin stopped once more in the courtyard, a *miserere* in the Italian language was sung by the opera company then in Copenhagen, and the procession began.‡

* Heiberg. † A poem, by H. P. Holst.

‡ At half-past one A.M., the procession left the house of mourning and reached the church (Frue Kirke) at a quarter

It is a dull gray day; there is not a sunbeam to be seen. The citizens, all with crape round their hats, have placed themselves in rows, arm in arm; and where the line ends on that long road, there stand the poorer class—even ragged boys hold each other by the hand, and form a chain, a chain of peace. The rows of students began nearest to Frue Kirke. All the windows, walls, trees, and many roofs, are filled with spectators. What a stillness! See, they uncover their heads as the coffin approaches. It is ornamented with flowers and palm-branches above, with the statue of Thorvaldsen leaning on Hope. Amongst the many wreaths on the lid, there are two that are particularly worthy of notice. One has been formed by the Queen her-

before three. It was led by two artists, at the head of an immense number of seamen: then came about eight hundred students, after whom came the Icelanders resident in the town; then artists of all classes, and then the body borne by artists. The Crown-prince followed, with the members of the Academy, the university, the officers of the navy and army, civil officers, citizens, &c. The streets through which the procession passed were swept, and strewed with sand and evergreens.

self, with the finest flowers that the season affords; the other is of silver—the children in several of the schools of the town have each given their mite towards it. See, at all the windows are females dressed in mourning! Flowers are showered down; large bouquets fall on the coffin; all the bells of the church toll. It is a festal procession; the people accompany the artist-king: that moment will never be forgotten.

Not before the coffin was at the church door, did the last part of the procession leave the house of mourning. The orchestra poured forth a deep and affecting funeral march, led by the tones of the organ and trumpet, as if the dead joined in the procession. The king of the land met the coffin, and joined the ranks of the mourners at the door of the church,* which was hung with black cloth, where Christ and the apostles in marble stood in the faint light.

* The Queen, the Crown-princess, and several ladies of the royal house had taken their seats in a pew, on the floor of the church, near the coffin.

The cantata now sounded from tuneful lips and pealing organ: the last chorus was heard, then followed an oration by Dean Tryde, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a "Sleep well!" from the students, who had formed a circle round the coffin.

Thus ended Albert Thorvaldsen's glorious life's triumph. Fortune and Victory favoured him; no artist's life has been richer in Fortune's sunshine than his. The nobly-born felt himself proud of having in his circle the order-decorated, the great man whom princes delight to honour and pay homage to, the world's far-famed sculptor: the common man knew that he was born in his class, sprung from his strong race; he looked up to him, regarded his honour and fortune as part of his own, and saw in him the chosen of God. Yes, even in death Thorvaldsen seemed to cast sparks of fortune on the indigent many. In Nyboder,* where they knew

* A quarter of Copenhagen, where the seamen live, built for them by Christian the Fourth.

Thorvaldsen well, and knew that his father had been one of them, and worked in the dockyard, the sailors took the number of his age, his birthday, and the day of his death, namely, 74, 19, 24, in the number lottery;* and as these numbers were actually drawn, it was to them not a small proof of his greatness.

The mournful intelligence of his death soon spread through the country, and through all lands; funeral dirges were sung, and funeral festivals were arranged, in Berlin and Rome. In the Danish theatre, whence his soul took its flight to God, there was a festival: the place where he had sat was decorated with crape and laurel-wreaths, and a poem by Heiberg was recited, in which his greatness and his death were alluded to.

The day before Thorvaldsen's death the interior of his tomb was finished, for it was his wish that his remains might rest in the

* In this lottery ninety numbers are placed in the wheel, out of which five are drawn.

centre of the court-yard of the museum. It was then walled round, and he begged that there might be a marble edge around it, and a few rose-trees and flowers planted on it as his monument. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his father-land, will be his monument. His works are to be placed in the rooms of the square building that surrounds the open court-yard, and which, both internally and externally, are painted in the Pompeian style. His arrival in the roads of Copenhagen, and landing at the custom-house there, form the subjects depicted in the compartments under the windows of one side of the museum. Through centuries to come will nations wander to Denmark—not allured by our charming green islands, with their fresh beech-woods alone,—no, but to see these works and this tomb.

There is, however, one place more that the stranger will visit, the little spot at Nysö where his *atelier* stands, and where the tree

bends its branches over the canal to the solitary swan which he fed. The name of Thorvaldsen will be remembered in England, by his statues of Jason and Byron; in Switzerland, by his "recumbent lion;" in Roeskilde, by his figure of Christian the Fourth,—it will live in every breast in which a love of art is enkindled.

THE END.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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